WILHELM HEINRICH

MUSICIAN AND MAN

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Robert B. Irwin

WILHELM HEINRICH

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MUSICIAN AND MAN

A TRIBUTE

BY

EDITH LYNWOOD WINN

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PREFACE

IN giving to the world an account of the life of Wilhelm Heinrich, this book fulfils a twofold mission. To those who knew him it is a reminder of the sunny disposition, the untiring energy, and the high ideals which made his career what it was. It is also a reminder of the sincere artist and friend, always ready to help and encourage.

To those who did not come into personal touch with Wilhelm Heinrich it is the story of one who attained great artistic heights, of one who was the center of an immense circle of friends and admirers, and who made for himself a unique place in the artistic life of America, in spite of blindness.

In estimating the artistic stature of Wilhelm Heinrich, however, it is not necessary to allow for the sad fact of his blindness. His achievements were great enough to render unnecessary any consideration of that drawback. His beautiful tenor voice

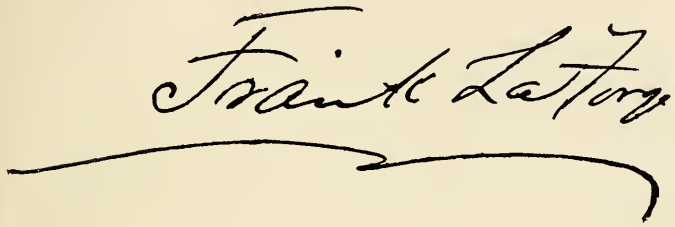
has charmed thousands of people, both in church and concert. The entire song literature was familiar to him. When one considers that he played all the accompaniments as well as sang the songs of his great repertoire, one has a partial idea of his wonderful powers of memory. Loss of sight seems to have increased the activity of his other senses. Absolute pitch aided greatly in his mastery of new and intricate music.

Imagination seemed almost to have replaced sight in his case. Often, when speaking of Mme. Sembrich's first Boston appearance, he would describe minutely the different costumes she wore, and even the expression of her face as she sang "Some Day," in the lesson scene of "The Barber of Seville." When referring to his country home by the sea, which was his delight, he would describe the beautiful effect of the sun's rays on the water as seen through the trees. His descriptions of places where he had been were so accurate as to make it almost impossible for one to believe that, as a matter of fact, he had never seen them.

PREFACE

The passing of Wilhelm Heinrich has left a place in the hearts of all who knew him that can never be filled.

It may be truthfully said of him, He made the world better for having lived.



TO WILHELM HEINRICH

I STOOD beside the grave of him I loved,—
One strong of soul and mighty in his strength;
Meeting insuperable difficulties
As would a god, believing failure human,
Unmeet for such as he. Though blind he was,
Still with illumined spirit he saw clear,
Aflame with love, the highways of the world.
His keen, attentive ear the minstrelsy
That stirs in hidden shadows of the wood
The simple majesty of law proclaimed.
He lived within his thoughts; these were his world.
Alone with heroes of his inner life
He moved majestically, brought the grace
Of splendid purpose to its finest use,
And proved how Godlike man's endowments are.
He sang; — Angels their listening ears inclined.
Discoursing on high themes of Life and Death,
He ever kept his independent mind
Steadfast to one great purpose; this to him
Was Life, full Life, complete in all its ways.

And as I mused upon his closed career,
On love-links broken with the world of men,—
Humanly broken, but intact in Time,—
I felt as all feel whom his influence touched:

TO WILHELM HEINRICH

"God has His use for our misfortunes, too."
Even our repinings grieve Him, for it makes
A human waste of His material hope,
And nips a budding spirit in its growth.

So stood I there before his silent tomb,
The last rites ended, all bereft, alone,
To count my gifts, his heritage to me;
And bowed my head in thankfulness and praise:
The strength that bore him on Life's pilgrimage,
In common with my kind, I share from him.
God's raiment, his for purposes divine,
Is spun from high endeavor, faith, and love.

HARRY S. HYMAN

December 31, 1911

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THE AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

TWO reasons impel me to write this book — fidelity, first of all. In perpetuating the memory of my friend and colleague, I am honoring art. To leave the dead without a passing tribute is unjust. I wish to perpetuate the name of one who contributed to the musical life of my beloved city and my State. Perhaps my reverent pen may carry me beyond the bounds of mere biography, into the realm of fancy and feeling, even within the sacred limits of personal friendship. If so, I am more than a mere compiler.

A second reason for this book is this: Many people, in all walks of life, have told me what Mr. Heinrich did for them. Some had an anecdote, showing his helpfulness, his inspiration, and his breadth of inner vision. Others asked me how they could carry out his ideals. Still others simply trusted that I would bring together in permanent form what they had said informally,

that the great world outside might know him as they knew him.

If Mr. Heinrich were simply a notable person I should not be writing of him. I have written quite enough about people who have contributed to the musical life of our time. Moreover, some one greater than I might attempt the biography of one *merely* celebrated.

Mr. Heinrich's friends were persons of force of character and fidelity. To these, rather than to the general public, I am writing.

Have you ever thought that the one thing that gives value to a work of art is that intangible thing — Personality? No amount of cultivation, labor, and devotion can make up for the absence of this quality. I am instinctively drawn to some persons. We meet and pass on the street. We may not have greeted each other, yet each feels the influence of the other.

The work of every sincere artist is certain to have value. Some one has said that we should have more biographies of people whose point of view is worth while. He that

never underrated any one is now the subject of my pen-picture; his personality was of that sort that radiated into the heart and life of every human being he met. Where lay that strange power he possessed? He lived among us, sightless, yet far-seeing; a dreamer, yet a careful business man; a scholar and an artist, yet approachable to all. His tastes were those of the retiring citizen, yet he lived in the midst of strenuous professional life. His personal power was not an enigma to those of us who felt the light of his inner life. He tried as much to develop character as voices. His eyes, sightless though they were, looked into ours, and forbade deceit or false dealing.

To those who have known Mr. Heinrich longer than I knew him I wish to say that I never tired of studying him. Though we can seldom fully comprehend a person, we can, if he be a unique figure, gain something from him every day. Strange modes of thought, sudden flashes of spiritual light, quick returns for our confidence, defy analysis. I never wounded him but once, and then I penetrated within that hidden and

sacred veil — his sightlessness — and ventured to imply that it was a blessing in the larger development of the inner consciousness. He never looked upon his lack of sight with bitterness, though he believed himself handicapped; the beautiful mystery of life always gave him impenetrable joy.

I have met many artists of contradictory character. Mr. Heinrich was unique, yet not elusive; stimulating in ideals, possessing the highest moral attributes; and I have never known such unquenchable faith as he had in humanity.

If my portrait of him is correct his friends must experience delight and invigoration. I would make his virtues adaptable, his ideals tangible. Most of us live in the usual world. Few, if any, have unusual ideals. I wish to disclose the character of one who was first of all an ideal citizen; secondly, a musician of unusual gifts; thirdly, an exceptional linguist and literary man.

To few musicians is given the trait of logical leadership. Men usually absorb, assimilate, and transmit better than women. A biography often possesses some histor-

ical or artistic importance. It is usually prompted by love, respect, or friendship; occasionally, by mere desire for pen-portraiture; and, more frequently, through the right of the historian. Having enjoyed the stimulus of musical journalism, I now experience joy in biography. I cannot offer a better tribute to my friend than to make his life and work more widely known to friends old and new.

Mr. Heinrich encouraged personal confidences on the part of pupils. He was frank and open, yet temperamentally reserved. Many who saw him reaching out to help others also found the barrier set against intrusion into his own life. He put every one at ease, and gave even to casual acquaintances the impression that they were of special interest to him. He could not bear to wound any one. Modest as to his own attainments, he would talk for hours of the distinguished people whom he had met; yet he never revealed to others the interest the great felt in him. He was always ministering, yet never asked to be ministered unto, if he could avoid it. Dependence he

hated, shams he fought bitterly, and a superficial estimate of life and art filled him with contempt.

It is difficult to penetrate into the recesses of the mind of the sightless. The facts of Mr. Heinrich's life must speak for themselves. He added distinction to his profession as much as any man whom I ever knew.

To those of his friends who, being sightless, must see this book through the eyes of others, I wish to say that they have a great advantage over me, in that they knew Mr. Heinrich in his childhood. Perhaps in those first years of "sightlessness" he talked much to them amid the "enormous silences."

A celebrated woman, whom we all loved in this State, said: "Books are dead things. It is people that count. You want to put yourself into people; these touch other people; these, others still, and so you go on working forever." I am not going to disprove this statement, as I believe in the personal equation. Many of us, however, are at our best with the pen. The artist

craves the expression of his own soul. If he be writing for posterity his work will live.

Have I, in the beginning, given you some idea of a life that would have been unusual even if the person described had not been blind? I would give more than an impression, or a personal study. I would make this book a text-book of life for others who aspire to live as nobly as Mr. Heinrich lived. Having accepted the privilege of authorship, I must be allowed reminiscence, personal tribute, and faithful record. I trust that my portrait may meet the commendation of all who are reaching out, as was our friend; not groping in darkness, but radiating sunshine.

EDITH LYNWOOD WINN

Trinity Court, Boston, October, 1913

CHILDHOOD

IN the '50's the untried Middle West attracted adventurous and courageous young men, explorers, in fact, setting out with a desire to enlarge their own usefulness in fields hitherto inaccessible. Novelty, adventure, and love of life in an undiscovered country were the leading impulses of early settlers in that part of the country.

Such a man was Johann Niklas Christian Heinrich, born in a little Bavarian village near Hof. He learned a trade, but the occupation he loved best and that which earned him his livelihood after his arrival in America, when he was seventeen years old, was that of a musician. He played the alto horn and the violin, and possessed a tenor voice of remarkable purity.

He traveled with a band in America, toured the East and South, and, at last, arrived in Rockford, Illinois, where the band was dissolved for lack of funds. Mr. Heinrich decided to remain where he was, for he soon found friends among the Germans

there, who were only too glad to welcome a young man of such pleasing personality and worth. Being popular in the social life of the little town, he soon established himself in business, and chose as a wife Wilhelmina Hinze.

The Hinze family had left Germany in the '50's. There were six girls and two boys; as the boys were at the age of military service, their father was anxious to escape this obligation. He had been a miller in the country near Frankfort-on-the-Oder, in Prussia. He came to America when Wilhelmina was four years old; went to Elm Grove, near Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where he bought a large farm; and when the railroad was cut through, taking a part of the farm, he opened a country hotel, or tavern. The husband of the second oldest daughter had bought government land in Illinois, and Wilhelmina went to Rockford to visit her. It was there that she met Christian Henry, — for he allowed his name to be Anglicized, — and they were married soon afterwards. Wilhelmina brought a fairly good dowry, with which Christian Henry bought the

Washington House. It was the first hotel built in Rockford, and in the early days all travelers stopped there. Joseph Jefferson played in the hall on the upper floor. This hotel was very popular. The Henrys were industrious and had a good class of patronage.

Christian Henry is remembered as a man of sterling qualities. A gentleman under all circumstances, he enjoyed a practical joke, and was the life of every gathering. He was also ready for any emergency. A story is told that he was with a group of the townspeople at some social gathering when he was called upon for a speech. There were few present who understood German; Mr. Henry's English soon failed him, but he went on undaunted in German, and his audience were held by the music of his voice. This story is told, after fifty years, by one who was present. He was a member of the *German Gesang Verein*, where he sang second tenor; often, in social gatherings, he sang solos or first tenor with others, and those who heard him never forgot the purity and beauty of his voice. He loved music,

especially the old German Folk-songs, and could not hear or sing them enough.

His helpmate was worthy of him; for a more energetic, diplomatic, and far-sighted woman never existed. Her schooling had been obtained in America, at a Catholic convent, the only school in the vicinity; both she and her husband were Lutherans. She had the gift of adaptability, and was at ease under all conditions. She was proud and ambitious for her children, and was always overjoyed at their success in the world. She was fond of music, as well as of flowers, which she tended with great care. She liked to dress well, and was a distinguished-looking woman. In house-furnishing her friends always referred to her as an authority.

Willie, the second child, grew up a gentle, lovable boy, with his father's love of music and his mother's passion for flowers. When he was six years old the great tragedy occurred. On a hot day in summer he came running home from school to ask his parents to consent to his going on a picnic. The party went on the river; the boy, over-

AS A CHILD
OF SIX,
JUST BEFORE
LOSS OF
SIGHT

MR.
HEINRICH'S
PARENTS

heated and excited, had not eaten his luncheon; consequently, the hot sun reflected on the water made him sick, and this sickness resulted in brain fever. While the lad was recovering the parents learned that the optic nerve was affected — a hopeless case of sightlessness. They could not believe there was no hope, so the father took the boy to every physician who he thought could give any help.

During one of their trips they were in Chicago when the memorable fire of 1871 broke out. There were no trains leaving the down-town stations. No wagon could be found. Taking the little seven-year-old sightless child on his back, the father started for the outskirts of the city. A German name, "Moogk," over a saloon attracted him; he entered and asked his countryman for aid. Securing a wagon, the father and son reached a station on the outskirts of the city, and were able to telegraph to the frantic mother and family; they finally reached home unharmed. This exciting event made a great impression on the highly imaginative boy, who was still

sick, and he often pictured the fire in his dreams.

When the parents were compelled to regard the child's case as hopeless they considered his education. During his illness he had sung so sweetly that people passing by had stopped to listen to him. This was something he could do. He was sent to the Institution for the Blind at Jacksonville, Illinois. He studied piano and violin. He always sang, and was an apt pupil. The school fare was not home fare, but "Willie Henry" won the hearts of the dining-room maids, had extra dainties, and was fêted and coddled by friends in the town, who invited him to their houses. He had boxes of goodies from home, and all the attention possible, for now the devotion of the family was centered upon him. In summer, when he came home, he generally brought one or more friends with him, and they sang or played in the churches. Later, when they were more advanced in their music, they gave concerts in Rockford, and thus helped themselves financially. Never was a boy

better known or more universally loved in Rockford than "Willie Henry."

When he was fifteen years old his father's health failed. A year before Willie finished at Jacksonville he lost his loved parent. That was a bitter blow, for the boy needed money and help in the career that he had chosen. The mother was left with five children, Willie being the oldest. The business was flourishing, but the buildings still bore a mortgage. In his will the father specified that two thousand dollars be spent on Willie's education. The mother went on with the plans as the father would have done, and gave the boy what he needed, expending more than the sum specified.

Picture to yourself a smiling country, with fertile fields, nodding trees, and a sightly undulating landscape; here and there a prosperous home and ample barns, indicating thrift and self-respecting citizenship, and you have some idea of the childhood environment of Willie Henry. No savage tokens remained in the Middle West. The frontier, with its immense solitude,

had been succeeded by open-hearted German-American hospitality.

Rhythmic change and freedom from haste and bustle still characterized the life of a growing town. Gracious influences, warm friendships, and close intimacies of family life were a precious heritage to the Henry children, reared to reverence the home and to understand the true meaning of hospitality.

The elemental background of country life in childhood always made Mr. Heinrich chafe at too long a residence in cities. A few months before his death he told me that he was longing for the time when he could go back and forth to Greenbush daily, remaining in the city only for a few hours of teaching. He said the country-bred were born with a deeper reverence for right living. In manhood, as in childhood, he was most happy lying in green grass, or walking down cool, sequestered lanes, ever and anon leaping out toward the warm sunshine, stretching his hands to that great ball of fire that made the blood leap through his veins.

He was often silent in the country. Who

shall say that, intimate as he was with birds and flowers, they did not speak to him a language unknown to us? The boy knew every country road in the vicinity of his home. The lowing of cattle, the fresh odor of the upturned soil, the warm fragrance of new-mown hay, meant more to him than the great art galleries of Europe mean to us.

It was fortunate for this sightless boy that the social obligations of life should be brought to his attention early. His parents were noble, sincere, God-fearing, and of the highest integrity. We may say he came of that sturdy stock in which German thrift is combined with an artistic temperament. He was a member of a home in which open-hearted hospitality dwelt. Members of that home prided themselves on their allegiance to duty. Each day's work was carefully done. Had Willie been born on an isolated farm, with stern poverty to face, I am afraid he would not have developed the rare social and artistic qualities he possessed. Children who have never known want have no greatly prized joys. Had he been a rich boy his blindness would have led to coddling, and

he would have been pampered. As it was, he, as well as his brothers and sisters, had regular tasks, and his earlier years were marked by intelligent direction on the part of wise parents. The death of his father forced him into manhood early. Poverty is a tonic to some. To others, it is blighting. Willie had too sensitive a nature to be turned out into the world absolutely helpless; at an early age the importance of money was evident to him, and to the time of his death he believed in and practised careful business methods.

Happy is that child of a sensitive nature whose early years are not bleak and stunted. In Willie's childhood there were love, warmth, and cheer. The moral sense, and, best of all, reverence for God and deference and respect toward all classes of people were cultivated. Many sayings of the child were preserved by parents and friends. He seemed closer to the Infinite than they. They listened in wonder as he spoke of his ideals. They felt his education a trust. Somehow, those who planned for him suffered willingly, growing nobler of mind,

softer of voice, gentler, and more patient in understanding. In the deep recesses of their sorrowing hearts they thanked God that the lad was endowed with artistic and intellectual gifts. Though born among them, he seemed to walk apart, as one blest, rather than afflicted.

BOYHOOD

THE years that mark Willie Henry's life at the Jacksonville Institution for the Blind may properly be called transition years from childhood through boyhood. In ordinary lives this transition is potent, though characterized by awkward self-consciousness. Boyhood usually begins when the child comes to think and plan for himself, unconsciously imitating manly traits of older boys, and enlarging his own importance in the world. It is a boastful, strident age, difficult to govern, requiring consideration and patience on the part of teachers and parents.

Willie Henry's case was exceptional. In him the ego was supplanted by a high degree of spiritual exaltation. He literally walked with God in those years, and I do not doubt that in his conversation, as in his letters to Edgar Reynolds and other friends, he was a constant uplift to others.

His needs were always first regarded in the family. He was the one to be most

loved and planned for. Yet he was trained to live with others in no aggressive way. He accepted the gifts, knowledge, religious beliefs, and ideals of his elders with true German fidelity.

Maturity revealed in him less of the ego than in many cases. He recognized, however, the powers within him. His inner consciousness spurred him to high ambition. Never failing in his duty to his family, from sixteen to eighteen he began to realize his relation to humanity. Knowing himself to be chosen for a high service, there began that inevitable breaking of the link which binds the home to humanity. Never again could his own call him theirs. In the larger relations of life, in art, in daily intercourse, and in a hundred other ways, they knew they had lost him.

Sad as seems this struggle between love and duty, happy is the man who can in mature life look back to his youth and the people who were so closely identified with it and say, "I have gone into the larger world and achieved something, but their pride and joy in me compensate for the loss of years.

We are far apart in actual miles, in aims, in sympathies, in all that makes life intimate; but they know that love is deep and abiding, and they love too well to be envious of art, since success in any calling must mean comparative self-abnegation and, at times, isolation."

His personal dignity forbade the discussion of such questions. He tried to hold fast to old friends. His simple candor and genuine interest in every one, during those infrequent visits to the scenes of boyhood, easily disarmed the minds of those who may have envied his success.

Willie Henry was vigorous of intellect and body. His most powerful forces at this period were education, love, and religion. The development of these came early, in a logical manner.

From the time he entered the Jacksonville Institution until his graduation, in 1883, he felt the influence of far-seeing and conservative teachers. He learned to mix readily with boys and girls who, like himself, were sightless. When, in later years, he discussed the problems of education with

Gladys Fogg, his sightless pupil, he declared himself openly for the segregation of the sightless, though this by no means implies that he did not realize and appreciate to the full the benefits of his education at Jacksonville. Throughout life he always spoke in high terms of his indebtedness to this school, and visited it as often as he could, to sing to its pupils. His faith in the old school was not less than his loyalty to the friends whom he had learned to love there. There he was taught to be manly, upright, and honorable; to fight battles for others; and to reverence womanhood.

Many a boy even less gifted than he looks back with joy and thankfulness to that period of first loves, budding hopes, sweet dreams, and worthy ambitions. Despite the disappointments of later life, a halo seems to rest over that romantic spot where one first learns lessons not found in books. Often and often have I sat beneath some spreading tree, or watched a lazy spider spin his web upon the beams of an old barn, or shaded my eyes toward the sun, setting in a great halo of red and gold over a tiny lake

made dear by girlhood memories, and I journeyed back over the years with wonderful fidelity. "There — there I plucked a violet in the soft green grass!" I cried; or, "Here we searched for four-leaved clover"; or, "Here we found the first wild strawberry, ripe for the picking." But, alas! the tangible means by which my memory sought to journey backward was not possible to Willie Henry. He listened to the voices of birds. He felt the warm, rich sunshine. He stretched his hands out to Heaven and thanked God for youth, because it lent him its double portion of friends.

The first turning-point of his life may be safely said to have been at the time of the death of his father, who had shared his musical ideals and ambitions. At no time in life does a boy need his father so seriously as just before manhood. Willie Henry faced his grief nobly. It was a heroic moment when, face to face with Death, he pledged himself to a life of study, in order to fulfil his father's wishes.

This period marked the early awakening of conscious manhood. He not only laid

hold on life, but he took God into his confidence. The authority of his parent was at an end; but God remained, and in his grief Willie Henry turned to the Giver of all good and perfect gifts, and thanked Him for the lesson of larger service. Henceforth education and religion called him with greater force. He now concentrated his energies toward the fulfilment of his duty to his mother, his God, and humanity. As he recognized his kinship with humanity more and more, his face became strangely luminous and every impulse of his life tended toward enlarged usefulness. Religion had, in a certain sense, been austere; now it became more tangible, less restraining, more free and joyous. He dared to hope for the highest success in life. There was no blind force behind him. His inner light was clarified by his grief and the transformation of his primeval faith into amplified service.

Kind teachers sensed the change in the boy. Unsuspected capacities revealed themselves. His voice became the medium of his higher spiritual life. He walked and worked with God.

It was not strange that ere he left boyhood behind him he loved. No true artist ever lived who did not love. But over and above his high sense of chivalrous protection, Willie Henry felt that education came first. He would not ask any young woman to share his portion in life until he had overcome the material obstacles in his way, demonstrated his power over circumstances that handicapped him, and gained something of fame.

His teachers sensed his precocity and unusual mental and spiritual grasp of things. These years of preparation can, therefore, be described only by them, since such natural divisions are less clearly marked in the lives of the gifted.

If Willie Henry had had an average mind, and average ambition, I should not be writing of him. In letters that have come to me from his old friends I am surprised to find how many of the strands of life may be traced to his boyhood. The strongest I find to be love of home, reverence for woman, fidelity to friends, loyalty to truth, and

absolute faith in the justice as well as the love of God.

One of the joys of the home vacation periods was his love of flowers. Up to the time of his death he was never long without flowers to cheer his daily life.

He was exceedingly fond of imaginative stories. For an exciting story he forgot all care and worry. From every book of merit he gained something that fitted into life. In this period, too, he developed the rare business ability which characterized his whole life. This was not more remarkable than his excursions into the realm of fancy and feeling, analogous with his later love of travel and desire to find something or some place no one else had found. One can easily see just what led him to delve into song literature so deeply, and bring to light some obscure song.

Many natures as versatile as his dissipate themselves in a variety of ways. He first made life count. He marked his path, and tried to follow it, with earnestness and deep religious conviction. There was a dash of Puritanism about him that often puzzled

me. I understand it now that I have studied the conditions of his boyhood.

One of the first letters written by Willie Henry after entering the Jacksonville School was in rhyme, a custom which the boy occasionally adopted at this time:

My mamma and my papa dear,
I 'm well, have not a single fear;
I had your welcome letter read
And heard the pleasant things you said.
My parents, think not I am sad,
Misfortune only makes me glad,
And as I pass within the shade
Of the orchard where I often played
My heart is filled so full of glee
I never wish again to see.
For why should I in childhood's hours,
While God His mercy o'er me showers,
Give up to grief and despond
When I have still a home beyond?
My parents, should I meet you there,
Arrayed in robes of white so fair,
My cup of joy would overflow;
I 'd cast down every grief and woe.
But I must now my letter close
And give my pencil a repose.
O, long not, I shall see you soon,
For school ends on the fourth of June.

No letters of the boyhood period appeal to one with more interest than those written to Edgar Reynolds. The link that bound these two sightless boys was remarkable. Edgar was older than Willie, but the latter possessed a keener spiritual insight. These letters reveal more concerning the school at Jacksonville than it seems necessary to retain, but in that they portray the character and life of the boy Willie, and in their simplicity, accuracy, and sincerity are not equaled by any letters of boyhood which I have ever seen, I think it wise to present several typical ones.

Rockford, Ill.
June the XV, 1877.

My dearest friend Edgar,— I am well and hope you are the same.

I am going to Savannah, Iowa, next Tuesday and perhaps I can get as far as Camp Point. This song I sent to you, Edgar, because I think you will like it; Edgar, I beg you cherish her words. My Father told me I might go to see Jake this summer. I am going to church every Sunday. I don't know when I will come home from my visit, but as soon as I come home I will write to

you. I received your letter and am very glad to hear that you do not swear, Dear Edgar.

Well, Edgar, two weeks have passed and I wish two months had passed so that I could see you sooner. I send my best respects to all and especially to your kind brother. From

WILLIE HENRY

Rockford, Ill.
June the 25th, 1877.

My dear friend Edgar,— I am well and I hope you are the same. I received your letter as quick as I came home from my visit and I am ever, ever so much obliged for the newspaper.

O Edgar, please come and see me if you can, but, Edgar, honor thy Father and thy Mother that thy days in the Land may be long. I said, Edgar, that I was at Savannah, Iowa, but it was Savannah, Ill. I was to visit in Decorah, Ind. I was at the Saengerfest at Freeport. I am in my glory now. I have all the flowers I want and my parrot — I will write a good long letter next time, Dear Edgar.

Please excuse mistakes.

WILLIE HENRY

Rockford, Ill.
July, 1878.

My dear friend Edgar,— I am well and I hope you are the same. I received your letter and I am glad to hear that you had a pleasant time on the Fourth of July; I had as good a time as usual. Please excuse me for not writing sooner; I started two letters and I made so many mistakes that I could not send it away; I will number the pages. Dear Edgar, from Freeport to Rockford is 28 miles and there is a road from Freeport to Chicago that runs through Rockford. O Edgar, I will tell you something about home that I never knew before this summer when we get to school. I will not let any body read your letter, Dear Edgar; a man wanted me to read a line of your letter and I picked out a line that I knew would not hurt. I pray for you, Dear Edgar, about every time I pray. I am running out of paper; please send me the address to get some paper and a slate. I must stop for some reason.

I send my best respects to all.

From your true friend
WILLIE HENRY

Rockford, Ill.
July 30th, 1880.

Dear Edgar,— I am real sorry that your letter arrived too late, for Lucy is coming next Monday, and it would be impossible for Tillie to get my letter, make ready and go to Chicago in so short a time, but never mind the bubbles there 's water in the spring; I 'll see both you and Tillie some day. Now that I have Tillie's address you had better keep your weather eye open or something may happen, but I suppose you don't care as long as it is only threat. Bella asked me in her last how I should like to have another visitor beside Lucy, so I inferred from that that she intended to come also; is n't she good? Miss Mary B. came to visit me the other day, but stayed only a day; still, in that short while I had quite a pleasant visit with her.

O Edgar, I did n't intend that you should write a eulogium in my behalf, for I think I am weighed in the balance and am found wanting. O Edgar, I often thought my duty incomplete to you but never so strongly realized it until now; many times I have felt like carrying on a religious conversation by letter with you, but as soon as that feeling rose, it fell like the waves on the bosom of a ruffled sea, it broke only to repeat the same

until the final impression was made upon the white sand beach where the resolve is now formed.

Have you a Bible or any volume of it in raised print? If you have, diligently read it. I perused the Gospels through and found so many precious promises and kind words, that I really pity the heart that has not heard its soothing words. O how my frame thrilled with delight when I read "My sheep hear my voice and I know them and they follow me, and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand, for my Father which gave them me is greater than all and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." St. John, Chapter 10, verses from the 27 to 32.

How sweet those blessed words to hear
Proclaimed by mortals' Savior dear;
How sweet to think that all His sheep
He firmly in His love will keep.
So fear not; know that Jesus stands
Between you and the Devil's bands;
Remember that by prayer you may
Drive all the Devil's ghosts away;
But if perchance your faith is weak,
And peace from earthly things you seek,—
O Edgar! it can naught avail,
For those in trial will soon fail.
So press the cross close to your breast
And feel in it so richly blessed.

Well, my boy, good bye.

With longing heart I write to thee,
With saddened heart I sigh to see
This hour at end so soon.

Your
WILL HENRY

A letter of November 14, 1880,— also to Edgar,— reveals still more clearly the stability of the friendship of the two boys. In this Willie gives a glimpse of the discipline at the Institution for the Blind. This letter is also interesting in that it mentions for the first time that he uses the Braille slate.

Jacksonville, Ill.
Nov. 14, 1880.

My dearest, kindest Edgar,— I do so long for, and pine after your company; I am lonesome without you, dear, I only hope I see you very soon again. I won't be prevented that pleasure, for God seems to enjoy our friendship almost as much as we do ourselves. He does everything to favor us, does n't he, Edgar? I got those pictures soon after you left and they are now safely distributed. I also received my Paris Braille slate this week and it is a splendid concern, having a frame that will admit of

a point, as well as Braille slides. Edgar, I 'll put forth a dark saying, you will probably know my reason why. I received an apology for that remarkable event which surprised me so before you went away and I answered by a volume of Harper's.

Well, Ed, we are having a great time now. Dr. has, after his interview with S., conceived the plan of taking the boys separately up to his office and talking with them about matters, asking them if they had any grievances and so forth; he has asked all the boys in our room already except Fritz, Ted, Fred, Shep, and me; I don't think there will be much more trouble, for Dr. will try to make things all right, I guess. O Ed, the Young Men's Christian Association is building a large house here which will cost ten thousand dollars; they intend to have an Industrial School in it, with a library, museum, and so on.

Well, Ed, I must leave this pleasant occupation and write to Amelia. Good bye.

Your true friend,

WILL

A letter of November 17 describes somewhat mournfully Willie's life at school, the discipline of which still worries him. The boyish outburst of love to his friend, with

the humorous paradox of the possibility of friction if they were really brothers, is very naïve.

Jacksonville, Ill.
Nov. 17, 1880.

My dearest Edgar,— I received your two kind letters, that is, the one you wrote Friday and the one you wrote Sunday, together Tuesday; I can't explain it but I can conjecture and so can you. I gave Mr. L. your regards and he inquired about your welfare. I like him better the longer I know him. I did a problem this morning and for the first time overcame my nervousness. I think I will get along all right. He reviewed that part of the analysis which we skipped last week. Well, that investigation which I spoke of has ceased and things don't seem to change their aspect, but we will hope for the best. Well, two more happy hearts are launched out together on the troubled time of this life, their fortunes bound in wedlock. Mary Brubaker's brother and a lady who lives six miles from Rockford. I think they will live at Rockford; if they do, I will see Mary often. O Edgar, why wish we were brothers? Probably if we had lived together under the influences of home, we would have been enemies, but I am sure I love you better as

you now are with your own disposition than any one I know of, still O how I long to be forever with you. I am sure you would make it a paradise for me, and I would so struggle to make things pleasant for you. Could you only come and study here, it would be almost too good; just think, to spend this already pleasant day with you, how joyous it would be.

It is extremely cold here now and has been for the last week; the ground is now covered with snow, but just enough to aggravate a desire for sleighing and not to carry it out. Elsworth and Bob send their regards, and also Mr. L. I suppose your uncle's trip will be not only of service to him, but also to his friend in the South. Edgar, your Township did pretty well towards Garfield; still the County did better for Hancock in proportion. Well, dear, I must close. Good bye.

WILL

A letter dated November 21 conveys the idea that Edgar has suffered some mishap. Here Willie indulges in Scriptural quotations, which, at this period in his history, were frequent. Evidently he had heard over and over the stern exhortations of the good

Baptist ministers, who at that day relied upon many conversions and much knowledge of the Scriptures as a potent part of the religious life of the community.

The sensitive boy had a deep religious faith, of that old-fashioned yet beautiful kind that made it possible for him to talk of God as freely as of his own parents. Edgar was in trouble. The blind boy could not venture, though his heart was full, to comfort or sustain; so he took his friend to God, with that unerring faith that sustained all his boyhood years.

The life at Jacksonville was intimate, and no doubt the boy carried all the troubles of his friends in his young heart.

Jacksonville, Ill.
Nov. 21st, 1880.

My dear, dear Edgar,— I received your letter yesterday afternoon, and felt a deep sympathy with your mishap; if I can do anything for you just say so and I will. Edgar, my dear boy, indeed 't is a troublesome position. O bear it like a martyr. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool; though they be red like crimson,

they shall be like snow; but I am a poor consoler, for O my own heart is full of pride, gluttony, and many other evils, but by God's help I will overcome them, for we are all conquerors through Him that loved us; God help and protect you.

Mr. N. sent up four tickets for the Conservatory concert Friday night,— for Rob, Sherman, Mady W. and myself; is n't he real thoughtful and kind?

Let peace and quiet dwell with you, and may your troubled spirit find consolation in Jesus, our blessed Jesus. With the hope that this letter finds you in better spirits than the last, I say Good bye.

Your own and true and faithful

WILL

Jacksonville, Ill.
Nov. 28, 1880.

My darling Edgar,— Your letter was gladly, yes, joyfully received, and from it I drew such inspiration as can only be drawn from friendship. As soon as I read your letter, after reading I went up to see the Doctor and plead your case, which I did in good earnest. I told him I would like to have a private interview with him if he was not busy, so he took me in the back room, and

I told him that Edgar wanted to know if he still agreed with the proposition of the 22nd of October. He said that he intended to write that day but his business kept him from it. He said he was not prepared to say yet; he was battling with his inclination to have you here; he said, though, that he would think more about it. No, Edgar, fear not, you must hope for the best. I know God will help you. Ed, I saw a proverb today in the 17th chapter which reads — "He that covereth a transgression seeketh love, but he that repeateth the matter separateth friends." I got a box from home and in it I had chocolate and fruit cakes, macaroni, a two quart jar of honey, a can of lobsters, three cans of sardines, some sausage, butter, oranges, lemons and even a box of California grapes; and one of the finest and richest clusters I gave to Mr. L., and the other I sent to poor sick Bella. Mr. L. was very much pleased; last Friday when he came up from Prayers, what should he find on his desk but a bunch of grapes, though the earth was frozen and covered with snow. "Oh!" said he, "some one has presented me with a large cluster of grapes, I am ever so much obliged. I can see grapes in some of your faces. Bobby Shep-

herd, did you have to have some one to help you carry these up here? You know the Israelites had clusters so large that it required two men to carry one." Bob, of course, said No. At 9 o'clock, Ed and I were excused for music, and just before recess, he asked the one that laid those grapes on his desk to stop and walk down with him, and as I was out, no one went, so after recess he came to me and thanked me and asked me to walk down stairs with him, which I did. How did you enjoy your Thanksgiving? I got up at half past eight in the morning, took a good bath, went to the Baptist Church, heard Mr. Morton deliver a splendid sermon and came home ten minutes late for my turkey dinner; after that, I went out to the office and found I had a box. O how I do wish you could enjoy its contents with me!

They have doubled up the seats in Miss R.'s room and made a five-foot aisle between them, so we can't communicate. Well, Ed, I have so much to say that I must write again whether you answer or no.

Good bye, dear boy, you will come out all right.

Your dear friend,

WILL HENRY

One of the most touching letters:

Rockford, Ill.
Nov. 10, 1881.

My dearest Edgar,— I have just been feeling the flowers that laid on my poor Father's coffin. He died Sunday night. While asleep he passed away unconsciously. I got the dispatch Monday, and got home Tuesday at 2 P.M., just before the funeral. O Ed, it was a sad, sad meeting. I thought my Mother would go wild, she loved him with such true devotion, good, faithful mother as she is. Now that I have lost my earthly father, I feel that I am directly dependent on my Heavenly Father, for He is father of the fatherless and husband to the widow. After the sorrowful burial was over, we heard the 14th chapter of John read and indeed we found that God is a present help in trouble. Yes, He dispensed His sweet consolation to all hearts. I am told Pa took Communion two weeks before he left this world; I would have liked so much to talk with him before his death, but they saw no change in his condition for several weeks till Sunday evening, so they could not notify me in time, but it is all for the best; Jesus doeth all things well. W. H.

Rockford, Ill.
May 8th, 1882.

My dearest Edgar,— I received your letter, after waiting for what seemed to me a good long time, and I need hardly say I was happy in our friendship again; it seems like old times. Well, first about the Inst. Last term we studied philosophy, chemistry, rhetoric, physiology, algebra, and dictionary, of course, from raised books in our room, all but geometry. These books are all printed at Louisville except the dictionary and physiology. Robinson's Algebra is in two middling sized volumes; the first finishes simple equations, the other books are bound in one volume; I like to study from books, it is much easier and I must say, better; for many things that Miss R. thought unimportant before, we have now a chance of getting at ourselves. Miss Mac has Butler's Grammar, which I and the rest detest, and History of U. S. in raised print. The new books are, Studies in Bryant, fine for Rhetoric; Macaulay, "Lays of Ancient Rome," Classic Poetry, Peter the Great; both in one volume; Fireside Science (fine indeed); Swinton's History, 3 volumes; Dana's Geological Story, a Primer of Astronomy, Primer of American Literature, said to be fine, with another

book in one volume; and, best of all, the Sunday School Weekly for 8c. a copy, $4.00 per year. O how I thanked God when we received them; they are printed at the American Printing House. Tell L. I received the "Gems of Operatic Pearls" for a present, and I only wish she could be here to sing some of the lovely songs. I often think of her sweet and delicate voice; it should be cultivated. That song she used to sing about the "Fisher's Daughter" is from the Opera "Chimes of Normandy," is n't it? Truly, Ed, I believe you 'd make the right kind of a minister; may be it would be a good thing if we had more such natures as yours in the ministry; I think you 'd make a second Paul. Do you see the similarity? Give your mother, father, brother, Mr. Christian, and Uncle Amos, all, kindest regards.

Good bye.

Your own true friend.

I'll send you some paper to answer this.

W. H.

A letter dated June 7, 1883, describes minutely a real Revival, as it took place in the '80's. Those who cannot understand or have never been present at a Camp-meeting

can hardly appreciate the effect of emotional Christianity upon the highly sensitive and refined blind boy, who in after-years *lived* his Christianity and spoke less of its meaning to him. As his nature deepened, all spiritual truths were too sacred for daily conversation. Reverent to the close of life, his spiritual growth was marked by increased love, and love engendered silence. The spiritual zeal of boyhood was so woven into the fabric of his later character that mental and spiritual uplift brought repose. Though he talked less of God, he reflected all the great virtues more nobly. The things that lie deepest were tangible to him. As God came nearer he shared his experiences and views less and less with his fellows. It was because of this that few save his intimate friends knew the depth of his spiritual life in his last years,— the mellowing years when one has become attuned with the Infinite.

Rockford, Ill.
June 7th, 1883.

My dear old friend, Edgar,— Behold me here again, engaged in that most pleasant occupation of writing to my dearest of

friends, freed from the thraldom that held the candid expression of my friendship to you so in check. Yes, freed forever; still it makes me sad to think that I am never to return to the spot where so many friendships have been formed and happy hours whiled away. Now I suppose I must begin at the first and give you a history of things in general from Oct. 4th to May 29th. Well, the first chapter must now open. The Religious Progress. As this is first in daily life, it shall occupy the first place in my letters. F. J. became Sanctified and Baptised with the Holy Spirit, as he calls it. We knew it as soon as we saw him on the train; he began telling his experience and shouting "Glory to God," which, of course, was looked upon by non-believers as a sign of mental disturbance and made it embarrassing for us who knew him to be a true Christian boy. He said that twenty-four Souls must be converted by November, I think it was, and desired each of us to offer twelve prayers for that end and so on. Well, one could plainly see that his ideas of God and His Wisdom were very imperfect and even erroneous, as God knows alone how many Souls should be born again, and will regulate the time according to His foresight and not according to our short-sightedness. I think the 4th of

Feb. there were five that started on the New Way; not more than one or two of them stuck to it; among the little boys the work was very successful. F. J. read in the Bible every Eve after supper to them and they had their Saturday Prayer Meeting, and Sunday, after dinner, we would study the S. S. lesson together and commit promises to speak in Prayer Meeting; they are all very zealous little chaps and B. has been so changed by it that you 'd hardly know him, he is getting along quite well in school and tries to be a Christian; Charley W. is also improved. The large boys have Sunday morning meeting and afternoon Bible class; in the evening there is the union Meeting, all of which were well attended and interesting; the highest number that testified in one evening was about fifty and the lowest about fifteen; there was not a dinner missed or bread and water given.

Now, Ed, I don't see how I can help being angry with you for not visiting us Commencement; we all were looking forward to it with the utmost pleasure and then you, bad boy, had to disappoint us. Jake, Shep, F. Richey, and C. were all there, Elsworth also, and Phebe, all of our room together; the visitors and Lul. Nichols and the family spent Saturday evening very pleasantly in

the reception room. But, Ed, I 'll let my hot anger cool if you make me one promise,— that is, to come to see me this summer: if you do I 'll invite Jake, Frank, and George, and then we 'll have a jolly time. Ma bought a very good Steinway upright last week in Chicago where I sojourned till Monday; I also bought a 'Cello and last night Mattie, Uncle, and myself practised a Beethoven trio for Piano, Violin, and 'Cello; I think it is lovely; the Violin and the 'Cello imitate each other so cunningly that I think it almost marvelous that human ingenuity could have contrived it; B. certainly must have been inspired. I heard Camilla Urso Tuesday, and O how she can influence one with her violin; she seems to exercise perfect control over her audience. I also heard some of Professor Hood's best scholars this morning; they rendered a very creditable program from Chopin, Liszt, Haydn, Moszkowski. How are Lizzy and Uncle Amos? Give all my regards and don't forget your good Mother. O Ed, you must tell me what you did and what you intend to do.

Good bye, old boy. God bless and prosper you in good and holy works.

Your

W.

Willie became proficient on the violin at Jacksonville. He also studied voice and piano. While in Boston he continued the study of the violin, and began the study of the harp with Miss Harriet Shaw. This injured the sensitiveness of his fingers, and he discontinued it.

We have now come to the close of Willie Henry's boyhood. From the time when he wrote his first letter home, with its boyish verses attached, to his graduation, he never dropped one link in Love's golden chain.

At eighteen he was a man, reaching out toward a larger life of knowledge, radiating sweetness and light wherever he went. His energy and self-reliance led him to hope for further education.

In his character dwelt spiritual activity of a high order, love of life, and intense sympathy with humanity. In his estimates of others we find frank, open, fearless criticism. Culture to him was relative. He riveted his faith to no one man and his acts. In his dream of an ample future he tried to emulate the virtues and achievements of many men. Pursuit of perfection hence-

forth became the dominant note of life. This was for him a flowering-time. Literature, art,— all manifestations of creative genius called to him. He sought the best in current thought. He absorbed the ideals of the great only as a prop. But in this period was born into this sightless boy a desire to make culture a means only to an end: he wished all of earth's gifts, that he might radiate light. Knowledge must be made personal, humanizing, effective. He had an abnormal reverence for names. He loved to emulate heroes; but, over and above all, he wished to gain knowledge only as a means of making life worthier and richer to all with whom he came in contact. You who read of famous names in history,— men who stood at the head of armies, men who fought for their country, men who have saved a nation from financial peril,— have you ever thought that it requires courage of just as high an order to set a standard of life? If the artist conquers the technical difficulties of his art, and radiates light into all hearts; if he recreates the work of others, touching human life at all points, braving the criticism of

scholars; has he not fought a good fight? And if, in addition to the specific knowledge that he obtains by a life of devotion to study, he has learned to live nobly, so that no other man has been for one hour retarded in his growth by the power of example, is he not worthy to rank with heroes and sages?

I am impressed with the manly and heroic in Willie Henry as a boy.

Among many sacred mementoes, none strikes so true or reveals so perfectly his attitude towards life as the essay which he wrote at the time of his graduation from the Institution at Jacksonville:

THE MOTIVE OF THE TRUE ARTIST

The all-wise Creator had a purpose in endowing the human heart with an innate love of art, and in conferring on those favored mortals whom we call artists the privilege of conveying from the fountain of truth and wisdom that which alone holds supremacy in the realm of beauty. Art is an instrument, not an end; a servant, not a master. Though many work on the principle of "Art for art's sake" alone, yet its most noted productions are marked with an unmistakable, high moral intention, which

gives them their intrinsic value. Of course, a noticeable feature is their uncommon beauty, but beauty is incidental to and not the end of art. Emerson says, "The reference of all productions at last to an aboriginal power explains the traits common to all work of the highest art, that they are universally intelligible, that they restore to us the simplest states of mind, and are religions." The influence of art on even the simplest heart to woo it to virtue and truth proves it to be a potent means in the Divine hands to elevate the human race. If art performs the office of a minister to the world, if it does speak to all humanity in a spiritual language, how necessary then is it that the channels through which it is transmitted to us should be pure and undefiled. Yet, how often is it the case that the wealth of noble ideas which flow through the artist's soul are tainted with the corruption of his own vices. Such works ofttimes poison the sweetest thought, taint the unsuspecting mind, and breed disease in the finest blood. How it lowers the standard of public morality to find corruption at the very outlets of the fountain of purity. Yet the vices of the gifted are practically encouraged by the world, which, when an artist falls, exclaims in apologetic tones, "It is only one of the

irregularities of genius!" They forget that if men of genius should differ at all from the rest of mankind it should be in that their hearts are purer, their characters nobler, than those of their fellows. Holland says, "One of the most mischievous and fallacious of the current notions of an easily erring world I conceive to be that which makes the possession of great gifts and the achievements of great works an offset to, or an apology for, indulgence in crimes which compromise individual and social purity and outbreaks of passion that come within the cognizance of the police. If great men have great passions they have also great minds with which to regulate and keep them in subjection."

The true artist is nearest God. Into his soul God breathes life, and from his hands art comes in fair, articulate forms to bless the world. Yet how wretchedly he degrades his exalted calling when, swinging loose from his sure foundation, he leaves God and man, and works, not to please the one, or benefit the other, but merely to satisfy the restless activity of his creative genius. He works because it is easier to do so than to lull his active powers into a state of somnolence. He is satisfied with the mere external beauty which his crea-

tions possess. The artist who prostitutes the instruments put into his hands for high and heavenly ends to his own selfish use; who tries not so much to benefit men as to win their praise and flattery, mistakes his calling. The man who works without a definite aim is a pitiable man, but he whose plans are all made with reference to himself is a contemptible man. The first worships art for art's sake; the second, art for his own sake. Neither can skill in the technical department alone of any art render a man successful, or make him a benefit to the world. Show me the man who, leaving God, nature, and himself, sits at the feet of masters to fill his brain with the rules, maxims, and opinions of another, and yields his intellect and will up to leading-strings, and I will show you a man who never did or will do a notable deed.

Artists who work from the sole motive of self may be looked upon with more than ordinary admiration, yet their creations never find a hearty response in the human soul. For example, take Lord Byron, whose verses won for a time the admiration of the reading world, but whose books now lie on the shelves of our libraries almost untouched. At first one is dazzled by his brilliancy, but this charm wears away and we see behind

it narrowness of soul — a concealed selfishness which disgusts us. Contrast with this the works of Milton. Milton's Paradise Lost has been read with the most intense admiration for two hundred years, and is as attractive to-day as it ever was. Perhaps no more perfect examples of our principle are to be found than in the cold and selfish Goethe and the noble-hearted Schiller. In contrasting these two men we find that "while Goethe is profound and grand, Schiller is sweet and heavenly; while Goethe is destitute of sentiment, Schiller is all sentiment; while Goethe is cool and deliberate and regardless of the welfare of others, Schiller is warm and genial and helpful to others; while Goethe forgets the world in loving himself, Schiller forgets himself in loving the world. The one we must admire; the other we must love."

The foundation of a great artist is a great soul, with ability to see truth and beauty, and to appreciate the goodness of that source of life and being through which the streams of love and wisdom find outlets. The artist above all men should look through Nature up to Nature's God. He should search his own heart to see if there is any wicked way in it. If his motives have their foundation in eternal truth, and he realizes

the worthiness of the object for which he strives, then his work will find its way to the heart of humanity, and will stand a monument of the highest art. Emerson tells us that "the best of beauty is a finer charm than skill in surfaces and outlines or the rules of art can ever teach; that is, a radiation from the work of art of human character; a wonderful expression through stone, or canvas, or musical sound, of deepest, simplest attributes, and therefore most intelligible to souls which have these attributes."

When the artist is swayed by a noble motive beauty will come to his productions as spontaneously as the violet on the hillside answers the call of the sun. We have only to cite Raphael and Mendelssohn to see that a high religious motive renders a man of genius eminently successful in the realm of art. When Raphael painted the Madonna and Infant Jesus it was not his brush, nor his fingers, nor even his culture that wrought the miracle; but that his inward eye had seen the lovely and sacred vision through a spiritual imagination. This, combined with his organs of sense and gifts of intelligence, made him adequate to the external reproduction of the picture in his soul.

To be of use to the world, to make it a better place to live in, to draw God's children nearer to His eternal throne, is the highest work of the artist. To be a true artist a man must be governed by pure Christian motives. He must be firmly impressed that it is not the wit, nor the brilliancy, nor the wonderful skill, nor the perfect design, that constitutes the charm and works the spell in art; but that his soul be in nearer contact with the All Creative, the Divine Artist. When in accord with Him whose hand constructed the beautiful panorama of nature, who arranged the melody of the spheres, who rejoiced in the wonderful perfection and beauty of creation, then, and then only, can the artist rise to the responsibility of his calling, and be prepared to fulfil his mission.

GLIMPSES OF FURTHER STUDY AND PROFESSIONAL LIFE

AFTER graduating at Jacksonville, Willie Henry was sent to Boston, where he studied piano with Junius Hill, and voice under Charles R. Adams and Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.

The year 1884 was one of great importance in the boy's life. He had to live carefully on the money sent him by his mother. His undaunted spirit, however, never failed him. To his friends and relatives he wrote cheerful letters, saying that he was studying hard and had won many friends. Up to this time he had always been known in the West as Willie Henry. He now changed his name to Wilhelm Heinrich, the original family name.

A friend writes concerning this period: "He was alone, without many friends in Boston. He had come to the city with great ambitions, but had found it difficult to work his own way. He was often sad in those first few months. His people at home did

not know what a fight he was making, as he would not tell them his circumstances. He always spoke sadly of those months, when it seemed to him that he could not get ahead, either financially or vocally."

He had come from a warm-hearted German home to cold Boston; the discouragement under which he labored was only secondary to his terrible loneliness. He first studied with a teacher of some reputation, who was not a good voice-builder. The young man lost his faith in this teacher at the very outset. Every time he made a remark about the work the teacher would say that old props were being taken out and new ones put in. Things were going very badly. The young man's money was fast disappearing. He was obliged to do anything to earn an honest living. On one occasion he played the piano at a church supper in South Boston. He received three dollars, which was a great help to him in his struggle. When summer came he changed teachers. We have no idea who his first teacher was. It was certainly not Mr. Adams, of whom Mr. Heinrich always spoke very

highly; nor Signor Rotoli; nor Mrs. Beach, who was not only a great inspiration to his life, but a warm personal friend.

Letters to his friend Edgar Reynolds give an idea of his new life. He was even then beginning that long struggle with duty, love, and honor which brought forward his noblest qualities and tried him in the fire. Having once begun to scale the ladder toward a musical career, he could not turn back. It drew him, as it has others, with unfailing results. It became the supreme thing in his life, and remained so until the day of his death, in spite of events that drew him to the greatest of human relations with terrible tenacity.

Boston, Mass.
Apr. 5th, 1884.

Dear Edgar,— It is a shame for me to neglect you so long, but you know I could n't do any different or I would; I don't want you to think slack correspondence is an index of slack friendship, for I do so long to see you again and feel the thrill that pure affection gives by your side. I don't see how I can see you this summer, as I won't be home till the latter part of May, and by

that time you 'll be out West; but let us hope God will permit us to see each other soon. I 'm not sure but that I 'll go to Europe next fall; I 'm on the fence. I don't know whether to do that or stay in Boston another winter; if the latter, I will surely see you a year from next summer, but if the former, then years may stand between us, as well as miles. I got the slate without a stile, but yours was better than I could get, so I 'm satisfied and must thank you; it was so thoughtful in you. O Edgar, you 've always been so kind to me; I 'm sure I don't see how you can be to one like me unless it be the work of grace in your heart. I received my first letter from Mr. Merriam last week; he is a lovely man. I 'm sorry you had to give up your long cherished hope of going through College, and I 'm sure it must have cost you some struggling, but I think you 've learned to say, "Father, Thy will, not mine, be done"; for God's ways are not our ways, neither are our thoughts His thoughts. I wish you success, dear brother, in your new enterprise. I suppose you know about the library of Moon's type books established in the Y. M. C. A. rooms of Chicago.

. . . . . .

Last Thursday was the day of fasting and prayer for Massachusetts; people may have prayed so I could n't tell anything about it, but I know there was n't much fasting done. The custom was handed down from the Puritans, and the day is now a legalized holiday, but it has come to be a day of festivity and drunkenness, in Boston at least. I have such a fine vocal teacher now, and am surprised to find what I can do; he is to have me sing a German song at his musicale to-morrow — I mean Tuesday evening. I still sing at the two prayer meetings and mission chapels, and am so blessed in my labors; there are several people in whom I 'm interested.

I heard Nilsson, Sembrich, and Nevada again. O how heavenly they sang! Give your mother my love and reserve some for yourself.

Now, with a kiss, I bid you good-bye.

Your friend and brother,

WILL G. HENRY

A letter of November 10, 1885, is interesting in its account of Wilhelm's struggle for a church position. Kind friends invited him to concerts from time to time, so he heard the great singers of the day.

Boston, Mass.
Nov. 10th, 1885.

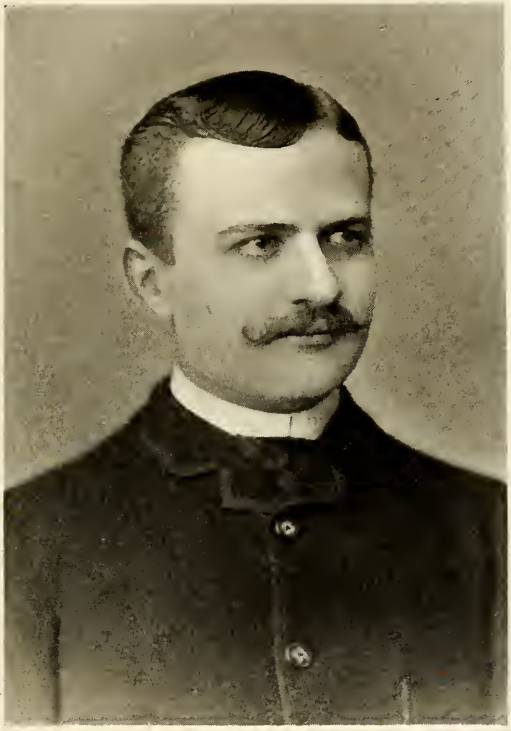
My dearest but most sadly neglected friend, Edgar,— You have unconsciously but justly heaped coals of fire on my head by your kind and most welcome letter. I have one page here which I wrote to you on the train coming from my summer visit in Ill., but the letter was never completed, owing to the way I 'm pushed for time; still, I will send it to prove, if proof be necessary, that you are not intentionally neglected when you see I snatch every moment to write to you. I spent six weeks at home and with M. this summer, and two weeks in Chicago; of course I heard all the news about the school in the latter place. This fall, up to the last of October, was a depressing time for me, owing to the fact that I had laid all my plans to have as large a class of pupils as I had last year; but as people don't begin serious study till cold weather sets in, I will have to wait patiently. I have been looking for a church position a year now and have just succeeded. I came back with the determination to find one at all costs, but if I had known what I had to pass through before success should attend my efforts, I 'm afraid my heart would have failed me. People can't realize that a blind musician is as

capable as those who see. Why, I went from church to church, interviewing their Music Committees, till Sunday seemed more like a business day than Monday. The place I have now is Phillips Church in South Boston; it 's Congregational, and the most important church over there. I 'm not studying music at all at present, except what I do by myself and from hearing concerts; I am studying Italian and expect to take up French again. I 'm teaching some German and find I realize quite a little from what I once considered almost worthless. I 'm also attending a fine course of lectures on Music and Morals, by the Rev. Mr. Haweis of England, who is very noted in Art and Science, as well as in the religious world. O I 've so much to say, but if I do not send the letter now, I 'll not have another opportunity for writing this week. I met Nevada's husband at her concert and came near meeting her. Forgive my long silence, and think of me always as your loving friend, WILL

The following letter, written from New York, describes Wilhelm's work at Dr. Judson's church:

New York, March 5th, 1887.

My dearest of friends, Edgar,— It is with true pleasure that I now sit down to answer



AT TWENTY-TWO YEARS OF AGE

your very welcome letter. It is with an entirely different feeling that I think of writing to you from most people; I really think our friendship grows with advancing years. O how I should like to have you near me now, I 'm so lonely; Dr. Judson has gone South to speak at the Chautauqua gathering at De Funiak Springs, Florida, and I miss him so much; he is a grand man mentally, spiritually, socially, and every other way; I wish you could know him. I am living with him now at 106 W. 79th St., New York, since the first of March. Have thrown up my Boston position for the purpose of studying with Signor Errani, and to be with Dr. Judson, who thinks my Gospel singing the most helpful he has had in his church; I am assured more than $70 a month, and am open to outside engagements. Still, it caused me a pang to leave my many Boston friends, and I left with the resolution of some day returning to live and die there, God willing. How glad I am of the revivals in your church; your cup is so full that it flows over to bless other churches. Glory to God for His wonderful goodness to the children of men! A missionary wants me to go to China to take charge of a School for the Blind in Pekin; he will call on me soon again about it; but, much as I should like

to go, I fear my duty is at home among the worse than heathen of New York City. I had a fine time in Philadelphia, where I visited the Institution and Industrial Home and saw many nice people. I think Philadelphia next to Boston in elegance, ease, and fine buildings. Dr. Hoyt's folks, where I sang the second week, said they wished they could influence me to come to Philadelphia; they would not let me live anywhere else but right in their home, and at least I must promise to stay there whenever I come to Philadelphia. The first week was spent with Dr. Boardman, who, as you will see by the list of names prefixed to your books printed by the Society for Evangelical Literature for the Blind, has his name in it as a prominent member; he is himself a noted religious author. George Dana Boardman's "Studies in the New Testament" is found in most ministers' libraries. Did I tell you that my dear old Boston friend, Mr. Merriam, is now at Paterson, New Jersey, sixteen miles out on the Erie road? So to our mutual joy we can be together again, as he comes to the city every Monday for Ministers' Meeting. Beecher died this morning, at 9.30. He was one of the greatest intellectual lights of our time. A man politically and otherwise opposed to him said he had followed his

trial through, and was convinced it was all a scheme to destroy him and his influence. When a man's own enemies testify in his favor it is time to give up the other side of the question; but how execrable to start such a malicious story; how it has harmed him, and given a chance for immoral people to vaunt themselves. I was in Brooklyn last evening; they were selling extras then; the papers have been full of Beecher since Saturday, and even the *Sun* speaks well of him.

So your father has gone to Colorado; that is right, stick to right always; you will win the day and, sooner or later, God will bless you. Ever your friend,

WILL

Boston, Mass.
Dec. 28th, 1889.

My dear Edgar,— I shall now try to answer your kind letter. The last time I wrote you on the train. This time, I am in the library of one of the pleasantest dwelling-houses in Roxbury. Crawford St. is a new street, and so all the houses are in the modern half Queen Anne style, each differing from the others to make a variety, and yet all having a fundamental unity of architecture. The street is occupied mostly by

merchants' families and has certain restrictions laid on it, thus — no house under $15,000 in value to be built; every lot must have sixty feet front, the house built at least twelve feet back from the street; no tenement or boarding houses, etc. That is done by the inhabitants of the street to keep up the reputation; you see the history of all streets in large cities is this: It is first occupied by the élite; then, probably, some one fails in business, takes boarders or puts up a tenement; then the Irish and Italians move in and so the better class move away. You would be surprised to find an elegant old house down town occupied by Irish and colored people, probably a family in each room. The neighborhood is so run down that the owners are obliged to rent for almost nothing. I 'm here, not as a boarder, but as a friend.

Apropos of architecture, I recently heard a lecture on that theme. The course of civilization is a progress from unity to variety, from simplicity to complexity. Old governments were despotic and everybody did as some leader did; then they broadened out gradually into more independence of thought and more complex government; then the State Church gave way to a variety of creeds and doctrines. So in our habits of

living, as we advance we have more wants. A hundred years ago my fathers lived on black bread, milk, cheese, and beer. Now, I must have tea, coffee, tapioca, cocoa, chocolate, potatoes, oranges, bananas; in short, from all parts of the globe are sent what I think are necessities. In art, architecture, etc., twenty-five years ago in certain localities one man built his house like that of his neighbor; now he would not do so for any consideration. There is the same eternal groundwork underlying all life: the desire of the Deity to manifest what there is in man still unmanifest; some day I will give you some of my thoughts on this last subject of the instinct of God to create or produce in man that which has ever existed within him, though latent.

I sent you "Adam Bede," which you must have your mother read; it is the story of a fallen girl, and how a lovely Methodist sister tried to reclaim her, and is colored with old English rural life of three-quarters of a century past; it also gives an idea of early Methodism. Some say it is, if not George Eliot's best, at least her most fascinating novel. It was also her first. I have saved only eight dollars toward Europe, and have almost given up hoping to go. I am a Nationalist, have read Edward Bel-

lamy's "Looking Backward," and have been converted. Would you like to read it?

With love to your mother and sister, I am as ever, Yours,

WILL

62 Crawford St., Boston

In 1891 Wilhelm is in London. To Edgar he writes a long and cheerful letter. His dreams are at last realized.

From London he hopes to go to France and Italy for study. Letters of this period are found in the chapter "As a Traveler."

In the winter of 1884 Wilhelm Heinrich entered the Berlitz School of Languages to study French. He said that after being in the school six months he did not know what they were talking about. Then he made up his mind he would get a little light upon the subject, so he began to utilize his slight knowledge of French. He went to French and Italian restaurants, talked with the waiters, and let no opportunity escape him of using the words he already knew. This is the way in which he began to absorb languages, a trait evident to all with whom he came in contact to the time of his death.

Mrs. Henry Russell says: "In my short acquaintance with Mr. Heinrich I found him to be a remarkable linguist. He spoke French perfectly, and we were both interested in the Russian language, which he was then trying to master. We also spoke of the Japanese language, in which both of us had some interest, and I think we compared notes with regard to our knowledge of the Russian language and its folk literature."

Miss Josephine Knight says of him: "He was the most remarkable linguist I have ever known among my personal acquaintances. He took great delight in the acquiring of languages. He mastered French, German, and Italian easily, and, besides, he knew the literature of these languages, and could converse fluently. He was very careful in the choice of texts of songs, especially Italian ones. His diction was very good."

After he had learned Italian he studied Spanish, and during the Spanish-American War he made use of opportunities of conversing with Cubans. At one time he also tried to learn Swedish. Years before he had

learned a few words from Swedish maids in his family at Rockford.

He was about to study Russian when the Japanese-Russian War broke out. He sympathized with the Japanese, and gave up the idea of learning Russian and turned to Japanese. He sought out a little Japanese woman, who aroused his interest by making him thoroughly acquainted with the common expressions in the Japanese language. In a short time he made considerable progress. Once, when he was traveling from Paris to Fontainebleau, two persons entered the compartment of the train where he sat with his sister. "What language are they talking?" she asked. "Is it Portuguese?" He listened attentively. "Oh, no," he replied; and, turning to them, he said in Japanese, "It is a fine day." Now, as it happened, it was raining hard, but it is evident that he did not know how to say it was raining, so he said what he did know. The Japanese were overjoyed, and laughed like children. They then carried on quite a conversation with Mr. Heinrich.

From Japanese he went to Chinese. He

loved to count in Chinese. He learned this language from his laundryman. It was his unusual power of imitation and his quick sense of hearing which enabled him to master these languages so easily. Of course, he had a background of a good English, as well as German, education, and knew the relation between the Continental languages.

His interest in Russian music brought him back to the study of that language, and he finally succeeded in finding a good teacher. His Russian teacher was six feet four; his Japanese teacher was a little over four feet tall; he liked nothing better than to bring them together in his studio, for the humor of the situation.

SOME PHASES OF TEACHING

MR. HEINRICH was a born teacher; he delighted in imparting knowledge and watching the minds of his pupils expand. He took great pride in his pupils, and no effort on his behalf in training them for public appearance and in introducing them to professional people who might aid them was too great for him. Every one who had the privilege of having lessons with him speaks with enthusiasm and gratitude of the rich experience. In presenting the following articles concerning two of his pupils, an idea may be gained of what Mr. Heinrich did in a greater or lesser degree for all of his pupils.

It was with the utmost conscientiousness that Mr. Heinrich applied himself to the training of the little sightless girl, Gladys Perkins Fogg, who has since become the gifted singer Mme. Rhadeska.

While it may be said that the play of events, including an illness that resulted in blindness, made Mme. Rhadeska a singer,

there is no denying that she was favored by nature with those particular gifts—physical, intellectual, temperamental — which a singer most needs, and it was unusual that so gifted a pupil should have had the good fortune to meet so gifted a teacher. For without the teacher best suited for the work of guiding talent the pupil's natural gifts might have been wasted. Mr. Heinrich was just the man to conserve her energies and establish her taste and standards by methods of study and practice necessary in the development of her powers.

Mr. Heinrich received, indeed, many compliments from professional teachers of high standing who observed his methods of training Mme. Rhadeska, a work requiring the utmost skill and care. A little haste, a little forcing, would have wrought injury.

Whether in the city or in the country, in rainy or pleasant weather, in order to make the most of many spare moments Mr. Heinrich would go to his pupil's house and take up his work with her with all seriousness, never minding the time, nor slighting any detail in his usual program. When he was

not teaching technic he was rehearsing her songs and arias, or singing himself by way of illustration. But the lesson did not end there. When the vocal exercises were done he taught her the Braille method of writing English, drilled her in French and Italian verbs, or expounded the secrets of mathematics. He taught her also how to play her accompaniments, which she did with surprising correctness.

It was no superficial singer Mr. Heinrich proposed to put forward. The music sung must be classified, compared with other work, and assigned to its proper period. Volumes giving narratives of the composers, outlines of the operas, and sketches of the great singers, were mapped out for daily reading; and to make these researches duly authoritative, a full set of Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians was purchased and placed in the hands of the youthful singer, and the consultation of this monumental work was made a daily necessity. By such ample means nothing that the pupil should do was left undone.

The long and hard road to artistic perfec-

tion may be made interesting, even pleasant. None who hope for success can, however, escape the hard places. Whether the thing attained be worth all it costs is a question for each individual to decide.

Under certain instructors the theoretical side of music might have become intolerably dull. With Mr. Heinrich it was different. He carried about with him none of the mustiness of the proverbial pedagogue. Endowed with German thoroughness, he was intensely American in spirit, and could impart knowledge with that fervor and interest that made the pupil forget that there was anything prosaic connected with art.

Mr. Heinrich was fond of assembling his pupils at his country place at Greenbush, Massachusetts, where he gave lessons during the summer months, using a vacant schoolhouse for a studio. The schoolhouse was not much larger than a small beach cottage, but its blackboards and formal benches no doubt incited the pupils to studious habits.

After the lesson Mr. Heinrich would invite as many as could ride in his two-seated

carriage to take a drive with him. This meant that all who could be accommodated would have, besides the ride, a liberal allowance of ice-cream and delicious sodas which a local druggist near the beach always had on hand. If the cherry season was at its height Mr. Heinrich, who had a passion for cherries, would buy several quarts of them from the neighbors, to make more merry the hours after the lesson. At that time he had a young Italian with him who faithfully performed the services of a "valet," and was an adept at preparing a meal. He could also sing and recite, to the great amusement of the company. Mme. Rhadeska was very fond of these summer outings at Greenbush, for she more than any other person entered into the nature moods of her friend and teacher.

Brooks House, Brattleboro, Vt.
March 19, 1913.

I first became associated with the late Wilhelm Heinrich in March, 1905, at the Home School for Girls, Worcester, Massachusetts, where I began my vocal studies under his instruction; and the following July found me at Norwell, Massachusetts,

as a student and accompanist at the Summer Vocal School. There the course of study consisted of five daily lessons each week, and a lecture or reading pertaining to the history of music.

Speaking from my own experience,— and I feel positive that any of the numerous pupils who attended the school will agree with me,— this summer, with its extra lessons, was equal to a number of years of weekly lessons. One not only studied voice with Mr. Heinrich, but English, French, German, and Italian diction, harmony, musical history, and song interpretation, so great was his ability to impart knowledge. Later, my association with Mr. Heinrich was more intimate than that of a pupil, because of my position in his studio.

He was constantly enlarging his fund of information, even at the dinner-table, when he would converse in various languages with foreign waiters. During his study of Japanese it was not unusual for him to enter a Japanese shop and buy some trifle just for the opportunity of conversing in that language with the proprietor. I often read the "Literary Digest," which is given to adopting new words, and Mr. Heinrich never rested until he had fathomed the meaning and origin of these words. When air-ships

first became popular he sent me to purchase a toy monoplane and biplane, and he examined them thoroughly, until he had secured a keen mental picture. Had I time, I could bring to mind numerous instances of this nature, when his eager thirst for knowledge asserted itself.

Mr. Heinrich formed his programs with the utmost care, beginning a year in advance to look over and consider hundreds of songs, until he found those most suited to his needs. Often, after the program was completed, he would cast out a number that did not suit, and search for one to take its place.

From the time I entered his studio, in 1906, he learned, with my aid, some thirty or forty programs, consisting of compositions dating from the fifteenth century to the present. I remember well the twentieth-century programs of Debussy, D'Indy, and Reger. Mr. Heinrich gave the first program of its sort in America, playing his own accompaniments. At first, the new school of composition seemed in itself almost impossible, but there never was an obstacle so great that he could not surmount it.

The straight melody was written in Braille, the reading-system of the sightless, and Mr. Heinrich studied that by himself.

I played a phrase of the accompaniment at one piano, and he repeated it by ear, at the other; and so, step by step and phrase by phrase, he mastered it so completely that he could always bring it to mind. His memory was marvelous, and I have heard him play and sing with perfect ease songs which he had not sung for several years. He was the first person to sing Debussy's songs to Mme. Mathilde Marchesi, which was indeed an honor, for the great teacher had hitherto refused most emphatically to accept Debussy.

Personally, in my own work, my musical knowledge, song interpretation, together with my repertoire, which far exceeds that of the average singer, I owe to Mr. Heinrich's careful training and influence. His death left a void in my life which can never be filled.

Sincerely yours,

EMILY WARDWELL RUSSELL

Mr. Heinrich did not produce singers who shine in comic opera, nor did he strive to bring out "stars" in the legitimate opera. He was deeply opposed to the "star system"; in fact, he preferred not to attend a Symphony concert if a noted singer, like

Mme. Melba, was to sing an operatic aria which had its place preferably in the opera. He believed that only those solos should be sung at a Symphony concert which did not need the environment of the opera to make them successful. He was even such a stickler for unity and fitness that he worked on his own programs for months before he was satisfied with the proper placing of songs, relation of keys, contrasting rhythms, modes, and schools.

"It is this care and taste," says a Boston critic, "which made Mr. Heinrich a program-maker of high rank." Mme. Sembrich, and other artists, at times appealed to Mr. Heinrich in the making of programs for American concerts.

MR. HEINRICH'S METHOD, AND ITS RESULTS

The word "method" is a much-abused one to-day. Mr. Heinrich may be truly said to have possessed a rational, yet not an iron-clad, method. He was widely read,—an exponent of no particular master's entire creed. His principal adherence was to the old Italian masters of *bel canto*, as set forth

by Porpora, the elder Lamperti, and handed down to Sbriglia, who gave to the world Jean de Reszke; he insisted not only on pure vocalization and a lofty and noble expression of the great masterpieces, but he was a strong advocate of a sound, general education: literary schooling, piano study, harmony and theory; some knowledge of German, French, and Italian, and a good foundation in the history of vocal art; also the biography of singers and composers, acquaintance with classic songs, and intimate knowledge of the music of to-day, as, for instance, the works of Strauss, Reger, Debussy, and D'Indy. As musicians know, the works of these masters tax the fullest resources of the voice. Mr. Heinrich insisted that no student attempt such songs if the individual qualities of the voice should be jeopardized.

He successfully analyzed the whole student, and the human voice became to him not only the key to the soul, but the most perfect expression of life. He never treated two students alike. "I diagnose a voice like a physician," he said. "The human voice,

like the human face, must with study become improved; yes, even be beautiful; but it should never lose its distinguishing characteristics. It is the individuality we love in both."

Mr. Heinrich trained many church and opera singers, and such artists as Mme. Schumann-Heink, whom he heartily admired, Mme. Sembrich, Mme. Melba, and others, have interested themselves in his pupils. These artists even made it possible for Mr. Heinrich's pupils to go abroad and study, and showed much interest in their work, giving them valuable suggestions, and advice as well, while in Europe.

Mr. Heinrich had a wonderful command of the classics, yet he was cosmopolitan in his tastes. His studies with Debussy, in Paris; Shakespeare, in London; Reger, in Leipzig; and many other artists and teachers abroad, broadened him and enriched his knowledge as well as his eclecticism in his choice of a repertoire for himself and his pupils. He was an enthusiast of twentieth-century music, affiliating with the Impressionist School of Literature, to which Maet-

erlinck, Ibsen, Sudermann, and Bernard Shaw belong.

The great inventions of the age — wireless telegraphy, aviation, and other great movements and investigations or products of thought — seemed to him to have a tangible connection with life in the aggregate, intensely human, yet not fully explored.

The vista of realism and utilitarianism opened to us by this school, still unexplored, as fascinating as a Polar discovery and fraught with as many perils, has affected the work of all the great creative geniuses of our age. The conquering of the atmosphere, the transmission of thought by atmospheric waves,— all these things, as yet in their infancy, are destined, like the music of the twentieth century, to become practical, vigorous, potent — an integral part of the commercial, business, and art life of the world. "Art has a wondrous mission," Mr. Heinrich once said to me, in a voice vibrant with feeling; "it has come to save mankind from too great adherence to the utilitarian side of life, and is not to be

merely *served* by mankind. It is the spirit of all truth, all service, all love."

Perhaps this may seem like mere idealism to the casual reader. Mr. Heinrich was not a dreamer. Though physically deprived of one sense, he had a sixth sense,— the soul sense,— on whose canvas Life, stern or gay, pitiful or joyous, selfish or helpful, was painted with unerring and faithful fidelity. He felt the throbbing pulses of the age in which he lived.

REPERTOIRE

MR. HEINRICH gave hundreds of recitals — historical, classical, and modern — throughout the Middle-Western and Western States. He included universities, clubs, schools, and private homes in his list.

"I enjoy an audience of literary and musical people," said he. "A promiscuous, indiscriminating public do not interest me. The severest compositions of well-known masters, the unknown yet worthy works of young composers who may not be appreciated in their own country, are placed on my programs."

It is interesting to study Mr. Heinrich's repertoire. In early years he sang songs of which he was not pleased to be reminded later in life; for instance, "Daddy," and "The Trundle Bed." When he sang them his hearers were always moved to tears. In the '90's he sang "Polly and I Were Sweethearts," and was known far and wide by this song. It was always demanded as an

encore. I remember that about that time he sang English ballads. That was before he turned to cycles of songs for programs.

In 1897 he was singing Dvořák's Songs My Mother Taught Me, and he was justly famous for his interpretation of that. Also, at that time, he sang Foote's Irish Folk Song a great deal in public.

He was a careful program-maker, ever seeking to lead his audiences to the musical thoughts of the composer, rather than to the performer. Many a song now popular had its first hearing on Mr. Heinrich's programs, and many a young composer has been sent on his way full of renewed courage as a result of Mr. Heinrich's ready interest and sympathy.

Mr. Heinrich's song repertoire embraced the best classic and modern songs of Germany, France, Italy, and England. He was constantly adding to his list and improving upon texts badly translated. His own diction being faultless, he was never satisfied with poor translations or sentences containing words not euphonious. He was familiar with the traditions of both operatic

and general musical works. His knowledge of the great oratorios would have been unusual even if he had not been sightless. He was a deep student of the rise and development of American songs, and it may be said that he literally set the standard in Boston, in the songs he brought out for the first time. Among these were numerous examples by Mrs. Beach, Miss Lang, Mr. Whelpley, Blair Fairchild, and others.

His programs were unique, and eminently satisfying to the connoisseur. After hearing several new songs, he sometimes discarded them because, by reason of subject or key, they did not fit well into his program. Artists sometimes came to him to suggest changes in the arrangement of their programs, so sensitive was his ear to color in keys, as well as to the atmosphere created by a song.

One of the most interesting programs was one given at Steinert Hall in 1895. "Eliland" was sung for the first time in English. At this time Mr. Heinrich sang the Hungarian songs by Korbay, the interpretation of which he owed to Korbay him-

self. The Brahms and Dvořák Hungarian songs he studied with Arthur Nikisch, and sang with great success on later programs.

The programs of the Six Wednesday Evenings of Song (1898) were of exceptional merit. The four Heinrichs — Max, Julia, Mrs. Heinrich, and Wilhelm Heinrich — appeared on one of these programs. I shall never forget the impression made upon me when they sang the Brahms Zigeunerlieder, the English translation of which Mr. Heinrich worked upon with such enthusiasm.

One of the most beautiful of Mr. Heinrich's Lenten Recitals, according to the testimony of an able critic, was that at which Schubert's Song Cycle, "The Fair Maid of the Mill," was given. Mr. Heinrich had his own English translation of the work read, and also furnished explanatory data, thus making the cycle more interesting to the audience. The Gipsy Songs by Dvořák were first sung by Mr. Heinrich in 1898. On the same program he introduced some charming old French songs, with a harp accompaniment by Mr. Heinrich Schuecker. This program follows:

1. Old French Songs with Harp *Authors unknown*
   (*a*) Mon Petit Cœur Soupire
   (*b*) Toujours Lui Plaire!
   (*c*) Gardez — Vous d'Être Sévère
   (*d*) Musette. 1735
   (*e*) Le Célèbre Menuet d'Exaudet
   (*f*) Menuet du Printemps
   (*g*) Entendez-vous le Carillon du Verre

   MR. HEINRICH

2. Gipsy Songs *Dvořák*

   MR. HEINRICH

3. Harp Solo — Ballade *Hasselmans*

   MR. SCHUECKER

4. Songs with Harp
   (*a*) Viens, Mon Bien — Aimé! *Chaminade*
   (*b*) Le Poète Mourant *Meyerbeer*
   (*c*) 'El Areglito — A Cuban Habanera
   Arranged by Yradier

Mr. Heinrich and Mr. Schuecker were often associated in concerts, and, by a strange coincidence, each passed into the Beyond suddenly, in the midst of an active musical life. Mr. Schuecker died, as did Mr. Heinrich, full of art ideals and generous sympathies.

Aside from the Henschels and Heinrichs, the success of the Lenten Recitals may be traced to the strong artistic friendship and

ready assistance of Miss Marguerite Hall. The program of the fifth of the Six Wednesday Evenings of Song was given entirely by Miss Hall, as follows:

1. (*a*) Sacred Song, "Vergissmeinnicht" *Bach*
   (*b*) La Bella Calandrina *Jomelli*
   (*c*) "The Little Red Lark" *Old Irish*
   (*d*) Three Bergerettes of the Eighteenth Century
   Jeunes Fillettes
   Bergère Légère
   Maman, Dites Moi

2. (*a*) Von Ewiger Liebe
   (*b*) Vergebliches Ständchen } *Brahms*
   (*c*) "So Willst du des Armen"

3. (*a*) "Ah, not a drop that from our cups we throw" *Lehmann*
   (From "In a Persian Garden")
   (*b*) "The worldly hope men set their hearts upon" *Lehmann*
   (From "In a Persian Garden")
   (*c*) "Music, when soft voices die" } *Harris*
   (*d*) "The Blackbird"
   (*e*) "Strow Poppy-buds" } *Farwell*
   (*f*) "O Ships that Sail"

4. (*a*) Sonnet d'Amour
   (*b*) Le Chevalier Belle-Étoile
   (*c*) Bolero

From his Song Cycles Mr. Heinrich sometimes selected representative programs. "Six Wednesday Evenings of Song," a series of educative recitals in Milton, Massachusetts, was one of the most interesting.

At the first concert Milton's L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, with Handel's musical setting, was presented.

The second concert was in memory of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; music by Gounod, Cowen, Hatton, and other composers was included.

Mr. Heinrich translated "The Little Blonde," or "Biondina," into English, and gave it at one of his subscription concerts, with great success. It was the first time Gounod's beautiful cycle had been heard in Boston. Part II included Schubert's Die Junge Nonne, arranged by Gounod, with 'cello and violin obligato. Mr. Heinrich never arranged programs with a view to mere superficial effect. They were all unquestionably artistic, novel, and educative.

The third was a Schumann concert, Mr. Max Heinrich and Miss Lena Little assisting.

At the fourth concert, portions of the "Great Grell Mass" were given. Schubert's Winter Reise, with Mr. Heinrich and Miss Louise Rollwagen, constituted the fifth concert.

The last in the course was "An Evening of English Songs," by the Arlington Street Church Quartet.

In the concerts of 1902 I wish to call attention to the presentation of Handel's Hercules. Schubert's Winter Reise was also included, Miss Fogg, Miss Mirick, and Mrs. Bassett assisting.

It has never been my privilege to attend more interesting historical recitals than those of Mr. Heinrich. The programs of 1903 give an excellent idea of his standard.

In one of the concerts of the series of 1903 Mr. Heinrich was assisted by Miss Marguerite Hall. This is one of the most interesting I have ever seen. It is a program of English Song, beginning with songs written before 1600, including those of Morley, Purcell, Carey, Arne, Bishop, and their contemporaries, and extending to the middle of the nineteenth century. To present songs suf-

ficiently interesting and varied, yet representative of the period in which they were written, was no easy task. This program alone conveys some idea of Mr. Heinrich's educative ideals:

ENGLISH SONG

Mr. Heinrich announces, as guest of the afternoon, Miss Marguerite Hall, Contralto, who will assist him

SONGS FOR TENOR

Before 1600

John of Fornsete, 1226 *Sumer is icumen in*

(From a MS. found in the British Museum)
First verse sung in old English

Anne Boleyn, 1507-1536 *O Death, rock me to sleep*

Mary Stuart, 1542-1587
Alas! that in Life's sweet springtime

(Translated from an old French volume by Mr. Heinrich)

John Dowland, 1562-1626
Now, oh, now, I needs must part

(Referred to by Shakespeare in "Passionate Pilgrim" as the skilful lutenist)

Thomas Morley, about 1550-1602
It was a Lover and his Lass

(An original bit of Shakespearian music)

Seventeenth Century

Henry Lawes, 1595-1662 *Amidst the Myrtles*

Friend of John Milton, whose "Comus" was first set to music by him

John Playford, 1623-1693
"*Comely Swain*" (*a Fa-la-la*)

The first important publisher of English music

HENRY PURCELL, 1658-1695 *"Strike the Viol"*

The greatest of English composers. On his tablet in Westminster Abbey is inscribed the following epitaph: "Here lies Henry Purcell, Esq.; who left this life and is gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded"

PELHAM HUMPHREYS, 1647-1674

I pass all my hours in a shady old grove

Instructor of Purcell, and himself a pupil of Lully at the French Court, whither he was sent by Charles II

RICHARD LEVERIDGE, 1670-1758

The Sweet Rosy Morn (a hunting-song)

An English basso, one of Handel's singers

SONGS FOR CONTRALTO

AMERICAN COMPOSERS

(*a*) *La Lune Blanche* E. Nevin
(*b*) *Roses Mortes* Clayton Johns
(*c*) *Music, When Soft Voices Die* Victor Harris
(*d*) *O Ships that Sail* Arthur Farwell

MISS MARGUERITE HALL

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

HENRY CAREY, about 1700 *Spring*

Author of "America" (God Save the King)

THOMAS ARNE, 1710-1778

"Now Phœbus Sinkett" (*Rec. and Air from Milton's "Masque of Comus"*)

Called the "Melodious Dr. Arne." Composer of "Rule, Britannia," the opening notes of which, Wagner says, contain the entire characteristics of the British nation

REV. ANSELM BAYLEY, 1719-1792 *O, 't is the melody*

MUSICIAN AND MAN

STEPHEN STORACE, 1763-1796
The Summer Heats Bestowing
Storace enjoyed the friendship and tutelage of Mozart

FIRST HALF OF NINETEENTH CENTURY

CHARLES DIBDIN, 1745-1814 *The Flowing Bowl*
Called the Tyrtœus of the British navy, because of his many popular sea songs

JOHN DAVY, 1765-1824 *Just like Love is yonder Rose*

JOHN BRAHAM, 1774-1856 *The Bewildered Maid*
The famous tenor and impresario for whom Weber wrote the part Sir Huon in "Oberon"

SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP, 1786-1855
My Pretty Jane
Composer of "Clari," with its household melody of "Home, Sweet Home"

(*a*) *The Dew upon the Lily* Edward German
(*b*) *A Farewell* C. A. Lidley
(*c*) *A Roundelay* C. A. Lidley
(*d*) *A Song of Sunshine* A. Goring-Thomas

MISS MARGUERITE HALL

Another program of 1903 was of German Song. At this time Mr. Francis Rogers assisted. Mr. Heinrich treated the subject in the same way as that of the English Song Recital. His programs were always annotated. In addition, he explained his songs in his own inimitable and lucid manner. Songs by Hans Sachs, Ahle, Keiser, Neefe,

Zelter, and others, were sung. All had definite historical value. The program is here appended:

GERMAN SONG

Mr. Heinrich announces, as guest of the afternoon, Mr. Francis Rogers, Baritone, who will assist him

Before 1600

Heinrich von Loufenberg, about 1430
Benedictio puerilis

Hans Sachs, 1494-1576
Ein schön' Tageweis vom Wort Gottes
(*A Daily Precept from the Word of God*)

The cobbler poet of Nuremberg, the greatest of the Meistersingers, made familiar through Wagner's opera

Johann Matthesius, about 1580
Ein Wiegenlied für die Kindermädchen
(*A Cradle Song for the Nursery*)

Hans Leo Hasler, 1564-1612 *Tanzlied* (*a Fa-la-la*)

It was Hasler who through his Italian study rescued German song from the thraldom of ecclesiastical polyphony, and restored it to the concise form of the "Volkslied"

Seventeenth Century

Heinrich Albert, 1604-1651 *Abschiedslied*
(*A Parting Song*)

Styled the Father of the "Volksthümliches Lied"; one of the Königsberg poets

Johann Rudolph Ahle, 1625-1673
Brunstiges Verlangen nach Jesus
(*Ardent Longing for the Love of Jesus*)

One of the first church composers to avoid complex polyphonic style

REINHARD KEISER, 1673-1739

Cantata, Von dem Landleben
(*Country Life*)

First great German operatic composer

MR. HEINRICH

(*a*) *Es hat die Rose* } Franz
(*b*) *Mädchen mit dem rothen Mündchen* }

(*c*) *Immer leiser* } Brahms
(*d*) *Erinnerung* }

MR. ROGERS

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

CARL HEINRICH GRAUN, 1701-1759

Schäfer und Schäferin
(*Shepherd and Shepherdess*)

This great master of counterpoint, friend of Frederick the Great, and composer of Italian opera, gave to Germany the "Tod Jesu," which is to that country what the "Messiah" is to England

CHR. GOTTL. NEEFE, 1748-1798

Willkommen, o silberner Mond
(*Welcome, Silvery Moon*)

Beethoven's teacher. The song is an example of the ode of his period

LOUISE REICHARDT, 1778-1825 — *Hoffnung* (*Hope*)

CARL FRIEDRICH ZELTER, 1758-1833 — *Ständchen* (*Serenade*)

Sometimes styled the Father of the "Durchkomponiertes Lied." Goethe preferred Zelter's settings of his poems to those of Reichardt

JOHANN ABRAHAM PETER SCHULZ, 1747-1800

Der Schmetterling
(*The Butterfly*)

Schulz was the first to give the "Volkslied" an artistic turn, thus preparing the way for Schubert

MR. HEINRICH

(*a*) *Traum durch die Dämmerung* } Strauss
(*b*) *Allerseelen* }
(*c*) *Chanson d'Automne* } Hahn
(*d*) *L'heure exquise* }

MR. ROGERS

An equally wonderful program of French Song was given that season. Dr. Kelterborn was the accompanist for the course. Mr. Heinrich Schuecker, harpist, assisted at the last recital, the program of which is here given:

FRENCH SONG

Mr. Heinrich announces, as guest of the afternoon,
MR. HEINRICH SCHUECKER, of the Boston Symphony,
who will assist him

Dr. Louis Kelterborn at the piano throughout the course

BEFORE 1600

CHÂTELAIN DE COUCY, 1157-1192

Merci clamant de mon fol errement
(*Claiming pity for my erring folly*)

(Sung in the French of that period)

Châtelain de Coucy, the most ancient among the Trouvères, accompanied Richard the Lion-hearted to the Holy Land, where he was killed in battle by the Saracens

CLÉMENT MAROT, 1495-1545

Plus ne suis ce que j'ai été
(*I am no more what I have been*)

Arranged from an old melody of the Troubadour Thibaut de Champagne. Marot also translated the Psalms, and popularized them by adapting them to favorite dance tunes of the court of Francis the First

MUSICIAN AND MAN

FRANÇOIS I, 1494-1547 — *O triste départir*
(*Oh, painful is the parting*)

ORLANDO DI LASSUS, 1530-1594
Mon cœur se recommande à vous
(*My heart would now commend itself to you*)

Orlando di Lassus, or, better, Roland de Lattre, was the greatest of the Gallo-Belgian school, the famous Netherland composers

GILLES DURANT, 1550-1615 — *Ma belle, si ton âme*
(*My fair one, if thy spirit*)

Transcribed from one of the old court airs

HENRI IV, 1553-1610 — *Charmante Gabrielle*
(*Most charming Gabrielle*)

Though attributed to Henri IV, this melody was, in all probability, arranged by his Maître-de-chapelle, Du Caurroy

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

PIERRE GUÉDRON, 1565-1615
Un jour la bergère Silvie
(*One day the shepherdess Silvie*)

Father of French romance, and music-master of Louis XIII

LOUIS XIII, 1601-1643 — *Amaryllis*

Of this king, it is said sarcastically, "He was much more at home in music than in politics"

J. LEFÈVRE, about 1613 — *L'amour au mois de mai*
(*Love in the month of May*)

JEAN BAPTISTE DE LULLY, 1633-1687
La Mascarade de Versailles

The founder of French opera, and friend of Molière

MR. HEINRICH

HARP SOLOS: (*a*) *Ballade*
(*b*) *Étude de Concert*

MR. SCHUECKER

WILHELM HEINRICH

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

JEAN PHILIPPE RAMEAU, 1683-1764

Air Rossignols amoureux
(*Nightingales, sing of love*)

This air is from "Hippolyte et Aricie." Campra said of this opera: "There is stuff enough in 'Hippolyte et Aricie' for ten operas; this man will eclipse us all"

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, 1712-1778 — *Le rosier*
(*The rose-bush*)

Composer as well as littérateur

ALBANÈSE, 1729-1800 — *Au bord a'une fontaine*
(*Beside a crystal fountain*)

A famous singer of the ancient "Concerts Spirituels," whose romances were in vogue during the time of Louis XIV

HENRI JEAN RIGEL — *Petits oiseaux*
(*Ye little birds*)

One of the famous romanticists of the eighteenth century

ANDRÉ ERNEST MODESTE GRÉTRY, 1741-1813

Si des tristes cyprès
(*If the sad cypress trees*)

Glück said to Grétry: "You received from nature the gift of appropriate melody, but in giving you this talent, she withheld that of strict and complicated harmony"

ÉTIENNE HENRI MÉHUL, 1763-1817

Rec. and Aria from "Josef"

The simplicity and grandeur of this most dramatic work will always command the admiration of impartial musicians

MR. HEINRICH

HARP SOLOS: (*a*) *Romance* — Dupez
(*b*) *Murmuring Waves* — Oberthuer
(*c*) *Mazurka* — E. Schuecker

MR. SCHUECKER

In this program, as in others, one sees that Mr. Heinrich followed the folk-songs with military songs; in this case, however, he chose songs which were naturally associated with the splendor of the Court of Louis XIV and Louis XV. The once famous "Amaryllis" and equally dainty "Air Rossignols Amoureux" graced this program, in which the best examples of the old dance forms, as written by Lully and Rameau, found a place.

At the fourth recital Mr. Heinrich was assisted by Miss Florence Mirick. It was an afternoon of Italian Song. Examples of fourteenth to nineteenth century songs were given. Peri, Monteverde, Salvator Rosa, Scarlatti, Pergolese, Porpora, and other composers less well known, were represented. The first operatic impulses were traced, the development of the aria dwelt upon, while the undercurrent of ecclesiastical influence was not forgotten. Where Mr. Heinrich found many of these gems of antiquity, selecting and arranging them with a view to historic sequence, was a mystery to many of his friends and colleagues. The

songs of Porpora and Peri he found in the Royal Library at Dresden. Others, equally beautiful, yet unknown, he had to search for among collections almost obsolete. What a treasure of historical song literature he found, and to what noble purposes he put his extensive knowledge!

ITALIAN SONG

Mr. Heinrich announces, as guest of the afternoon, Miss Florence Mirick, Contralto, who will assist him

Dr. Louis Kelterborn at the piano

SONGS FOR TENOR

Jacques Arcadelt, about 1500-1557

Il bianco e dolce cigno
(*The snow-white swan when dying*)
(A madrigal)

The most prominent among the Netherland musicians who taught in Italy, and laid the foundation of the great Italian school

Giulio Caccini, 1546-1640 *Amarilli mia bella*
(*Amaryllis my beloved*)

It was Caccini who first gave importance to music for a single voice; and with Peri set the pastoral drama of "Dafne" to music, the first attempt to make music dramatic, which was the beginning of modern opera

Jacopo Peri, 1560-1625 *Antri ch'a miei lamenti*
(*Caverns, my grief resounding*)
(Scene from "Orpheus and Euridice")

The earliest opera extant, which was performed at the nuptials of Henry IV of France and Mary of Medici in 1604 at Florence

MUSICIAN AND MAN

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDE, 1568-1643

Lasciatemi morire
(*No longer let me languish*)
(From "Arianna")

This great genius by his introduction of the unprepared 7th began the successful war against the thraldom of polyphony, which ended in the establishment of the modern tonal system

MR. HEINRICH

ARIA FOR CONTRALTO

FRANCESCO ROSSI, B. 1645 — *Ah! rendimi*
(*Ah! give to me*)

This aria, taken from the opera "Mitrane," 1689, shows that the form of the Italian Aria existed at that early date

MISS MIRICK

SONGS FOR TENOR

SALVATOR ROSA, 1614-1673 (Canzonetta)

Star vicino
(*To be near thee*)

Salvator Rosa was also a poet, painter, and satirist of no mean reputation

DOMENICO SARRI, 1678- about 1741

Sen corre l'agnelletta
(*As when a lamb confiding*)

Friend of the poet Metastasio, whose verses he set to music

JACOPO ANTONIO PERTI, 1661-1756 — *Dolce scherza*
(*Laughing, sporting*)

One of the most important church-composers of the seventeenth century

PIGNATTI, about 1700 — *Cieco si finse amor*
(*Cupid, they say, is blind*)

The manuscripts of this and the four following songs

are found in the Royal Library at Dresden; also the songs of Porpora and Perti
(Mr. Heinrich is indebted to Albert Fuchs of the Royal Conservatory of Dresden for bringing these gems of antiquity to his notice)

MR. HEINRICH

SONGS FOR CONTRALTO

BENEDETTO MARCELLO, 1686-1739 — *Lontananza* (*Separation*)

Littérateur and poet as well as musician. Famous for his setting of the Psalms and a translation of Dryden's "Timotheus." Rossini borrowed often note for note from this composer

ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI, 1659-1725 — *Va per lo mare* (*Out on the billow*)

A musician of greatest importance; the founder of modern Italian opera

GIUSEPPI TORELLI, 1650-1708 — *Tu lo sai* (*Ah, thou knowest*)

To this composer is ascribed the invention of the Concerto

GIOVANNI BONONCINI, 1672-1764 — *Più vaga e vezzosetta* (*Much fairer art thou, maiden*)

The rival of Handel in London, whose operatic wars form an interesting chapter in the history of music

MISS MIRICK

SONGS FOR TENOR

PERGOLESE, 1710-1736 — *Se tu m'ami* (*If thou lov'st me*)

The composer of the famous "Stabat Mater," and the comic opera "La Serva Padrona," which has served as a model for all Italian opera buffa written since, up to Rossini's time

DOMENICO SCARLATTI, 1685-1757 *Qual farfalletta*
(*The butterfly*)

Son of Alessandro Scarlatti. Friend of Handel and Hasse; and the founder of modern execution, whose influence may be traced in Mendelssohn and Liszt and other modern pianists

NICCOLO ANTONIO PORPORA, 1686-1766
Come la luce è tremola
(*E'en as the light doth tremble*)

The greatest of vocal masters. This is made certain by the universal testimony as to the power of his pupils, and by the fact that such relics of a grand, pure style of vocalization as remain to us now have been handed down in direct succession from these artists

GIOVANNI PAISIELLO, 1741-1816
Chi vuol la zingarella
(*Who loves the gipsy maiden*)

One of the brightest stars of the eighteenth century; eminent as a composer of opera buffa, and a favorite of Napoleon

MR. HEINRICH

I would like to call attention to a recital, in 1904, which Mr. Heinrich presented before the Sacramento Saturday Club, it being his first trip to California. He played his own accompaniments on this Pacific Coast trip. The program, which Mr. Heinrich always regarded one of his best, is appended. When one considers that the English translations were always written to every song, in whatever language Mr. Heinrich sang, and that he personally arranged

his program-book, it seems wonderful indeed that the programs should have been so perfect.

1. Adelaide — *Beethoven*
2. Seventeenth-Century Songs — *Bach, Pergolese, Dr. Arne*
3. Shakespearian Songs — *Schubert, Morley*
4. Eliland (Song Cycle) — *von Fielitz*
5. Gipsy Songs — *Brahms*
6. A Cluster of Songs
   Gounod, Yradier, Wakefield, Dresel, Chaminade, Richard Strauss, Schubert's Ständchen and The Erl-King

A series of recitals in 1905 is interesting because Mr. Heinrich contrasted old and new songs. He was then deeply interested in the songs of Richard Strauss.

The second program of that series embraced French Songs, Old and New, Mme. Rhadeska, then Gladys Fogg, assisting. Songs antedating the eighteenth century were included in Part I. Mr. Heinrich introduced Gounod's Song Cycle, "La Biondina," in Part II, and Miss Fogg sang songs by Proch, Delibes, and Chaminade. The third recital consisted of English Songs, Old

and New, with Miss Marguerite Hall assisting. The fourth recital was unique. I doubt if any one drew a more appreciative and generous audience. It was a recital of Hungarian and Gipsy Songs, at which Mr. Heinrich Meyn assisted.

Mr. Heinrich sang old Hungarian melodies arranged by Korbay. In this group he included "Far and High the Cranes Give Cry," made famous by Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, based on the same theme; "Roses in the Garden Knowing;" and "Look Into Mine Eye, Come Near;"— all of which I studied with him a little later, and to which he gave the characteristic fire and rhythmic abandon they demanded.

The Gipsy Songs by Brahms were also sung with wonderful vigor and enthusiasm. "Ho There, Gipsy;" "High and Towering Rima's Stream;" "Know Ye Why My Loved One;" "Loving God, Thou Know'st;" and "Art Thou Thinking?" were his favorites among this series. He always attributed his enthusiasm and love for these to his lessons with Arthur Nikisch, who thoroughly understood Hungarian traditions. It was

in the Gipsy Songs by Dvořák that his beautiful tenor voice showed intense passion as well as delicate feeling. "I Chant My Lay;" "Hark How My Triangle;" "Tune Thy Strings;" "Oh Gipsy;" and "Songs My Mother Taught Me," one of the most touching and artistic songs Mr. Heinrich ever sang, were included in this group.

In 1906, at the Lenten Recitals, Mr. Heinrich was assisted by M. Georg Henschel. This was a semi-historical program, illustrating the development of the song cycle from Himmel to Schubert. At that time the exquisite cycle, Beethoven's An die Ferne Geliebte, Op. 98, was given. Mr. Henschel's Servian Romances, a cycle for quartet, was included. The program also included Schubert's Winter Reise.

The third recital of that series was one at which Songs by Noted Women were included. Mr. Benedict and Mme. Rhadeska assisted. Interesting songs by Anne Boleyn, Mary Stuart, Maria Antonia, and Queen Hortense were included in the first group. Mr. Heinrich also sang a group of songs by

Fanny Mendelssohn and the Liebesfrühling group by Clara Schumann. In this series there were also songs composed by American women, and the Maiden Songs, by von Fielitz, sung by Mme. Rhadeska.

In the Lenten Recitals of 1907 Mr. Heinrich brought out songs set to poems of Rossetti, Kingsley, and Tennyson. Mme. Koenig assisted, with groups of songs by Glück, Wagner, Gounod, Hillmacher, Hahn, and Thorne. That season he gave Schubert's Maid of the Mill.

I would call attention especially to his programs of 1908, at which time he sang songs by Gabriel Fauré, Felix Weingartner, and Hugo Kaun. The program was very exacting.

That season he also presented songs by D'Indy and Whelpley, with the text of Tennyson's Maud.

It was a season of strenuous program-making. The fourth program included songs by Gustav Mahler. Mr. Heinrich spent months upon the study of these songs, performing a labor of high fidelity to art, for Mahler's songs were then comparatively

unknown outside of the most exclusive musical circles.

A program of this kind, following close upon that of Debussy and Reger songs, was marvelous in its scope, perfect in adjustment, and ideal in purpose. The mental effort required in mere memorizing left Mr. Heinrich depleted in nervous force at the close of an arduous season. Life was growing too short for the absorption of knowledge and the work entailed by concerts and teaching. A friend who watched his health anxiously at that time says:

"Few except intimate friends realize how much Mr. Heinrich memorized. In boyhood he read the dictionary three times, and put down all unusual words that claimed his attention. In mature years he memorized music with the same zeal. One of his most remarkable feats of memory was his singing of the 'Biondina Songs' by Gounod, in Italian and English. He did not like the French translation, so he rarely sang it. One summer he was engaged to sing the cycle for Mrs. Drexel, at Newport. He was to sing on Friday. On Tuesday, while

singing in Concord, New Hampshire, he received word that Mrs. Drexel wished the songs sung in French. Mr. Heinrich went to Norwell, shut himself up, and memorized the twelve songs in two days. Mr. Mullaly, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, orchestrated them."

A friend who played his accompaniments in London says:

"I never knew an artist who had such a wonderful sense in key-relations. At his recitals he often brought out songs discarded by others, and made something of them. His subjects would blend harmoniously with each other, and he never sang a song with an unworthy text. Poor translations irritated him. If he could not find a good one he sat down and tried to make his own, that the song-text might be euphonious. The Korbay songs, which he studied with Korbay in Vienna, with their peculiar rhythms and faulty English texts, he made over word by word, that they might be singable."

His translation of Schubert's Maid of the Mill and Winter Journey was a labor of

love. He first wrote it out to please a little girl who begged him to tell it to her in "exact English."

A friend tells an interesting story with regard to Mme. Marchesi, who disliked the early songs of Debussy. Mr. Heinrich was singing to her and ventured to introduce a Debussy song. She immediately expressed admiration of the song. "But," cried Mme. Blanche, "you do not like Debussy, mother." "Certainly not," answered the astute Frenchwoman; "it is the way he sings it that arouses one's interest."

In his search for really beautiful French songs Mr. Heinrich was hampered by a lack of available material. Claude Debussy aided him in his search and gave to him his first impetus in the School of Impressionism. He literally surfeited himself with the works of Strauss and Reger. Moreover, he presented his program only after personal study with Debussy.

The following extract from an article by Robert Schauffler, in *The Outlook*, 1911, gives some idea of Mr. Heinrich's acquaintance with Max Reger:

Recently Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich, the sightless tenor, had come home fresh from a visit to Reger's home, and had sung to me the German's extraordinary songs, bringing out the fact that Reger — like his great master, Bach — is a humorist of no mean ability, as when he analyzes woman in the psychological song, "Schemichelkätzchen," or depicts the whining of little Liza in the prelude to the Strampelchen. Mr. Heinrich had had many amiable talks with Reger about modern tendencies in music, and had been obliged to champion Debussy against the other's attacks.

The gist of their argument is interesting, despite the fact that Reger is no more of a philosopher than creative artists generally are. Reger called Debussy an invertebrate, and accused him of throwing form to the winds. Mr. Heinrich very properly contended that the Frenchman had merely made new forms for himself. "*Ach,*" cried Reger, springing to his feet, "*zu diesen Tagen gibt's überhaupt kein Form mehr!*" ("Alas, nowadays there is n't any more form, anyhow!") Then he spoke of himself as fighting single-handed in the rôle of champion of form in modern music, and contended that he had succeeded in making old bottles hold new wine.

Mr. Heinrich stood for the recognition of native talent, and never lost an opportunity of presenting American songs on his tours and, at proper times, in his city concerts.

Among programs of 1910 I would call attention to A Morning of Flower Songs, Mlle. Ernestine Gauthier assisting; A Morning of Bird Songs, with Miss Emily Wardwell assisting. The songs of Mallinson, Delius, Elgar, and Bantock were introduced in the series.

At the 1911 recitals Mr. and Mrs. Henry Russell assisted, Mrs. Russell presenting several very interesting songs by Lacome, Paladilhe, Tosti, and the famous "Stornello pisano." At this time Mr. Heinrich chose songs by Robert Franz. During this series he also brought out songs by Blair Fairchild and Sebastian Schlesinger.

The last concert consisted of Nature Songs, and was given in memory of Dr. Kelterborn, with the assistance of the Appleton Ladies' Quartet.

Of this series Mr. Milo Benedict, who was the accompanist, says:

"Few people realized how many songs

were chosen and discarded in the effort to obtain an ideal program. Mr. Heinrich was very sensitive to the relation of subjects, as well as of keys. He even prided himself on going over all the songs of a new composer before making his selection. He introduced the 'Schön Gretlein' Cycle, by von Fielitz, and 'Eight Tuscan Stornelli,' at one of the 1911 recitals, with marked success. He was an indefatigable worker for perfection in program-making, and succeeds in an unusual degree."

Mrs. Frank Knight, who was Mr. Heinrich's studio accompanist for some years, states that his knowledge of the traditions of the great oratorios was marvelous. He could play whole oratorios from memory. She says:

"I remember how he worked on 'Samson and Dalila.' He kept up until just a week before its first presentation in Milwaukee, and then he burst into tears: 'I cannot learn it,' he cried. 'It is too much for me to memorize. I am defeated.'

"I rose from the piano, and put my hand on his shoulder. 'We are going to learn it,'

I said, with emphasis. 'There is no turning back now.' And we worked night and day until it was mastered."

When Mr. Heinrich sang in Milwaukee in "Samson" there was a convention of Lutheran ministers in the city, who constituted a large part of the audience. The oratorio impressed them. There was no applause at the beginning, but they listened with interest. When Mr. Heinrich sang that great aria Light the silence was intense, as when the elements of nature pause before the deluge of a fierce storm. Then the great audience burst into overwhelming applause. Eight years afterward Mr. Heinrich sang the oratorio again in Milwaukee. Every one remembered him and greeted him with intense enthusiasm.

Of Mr. Heinrich's tenacity to life, Mr. Benedict speaks feelingly:

"On the day before his death he was arranging a program of Brahms's songs. He found that there were about sixty songs in America. He had ordered from Germany three hundred songs that could not be obtained here. Christmas-day was a sad one

for him. The day after Christmas he had passed away."

It is my desire to present the programs of Mr. Heinrich's recitals in some form useful to teachers, friends, and former pupils. Until I am able to collect and arrange these, may I not bespeak for this chapter on his repertoire more than ordinary interest? Even as it exists, may it not be a monument of industry, zeal, and enthusiasm in one whose very life was bound up in the culture and growth of musical Boston? May it not also take its place in the archives of a country whose art standards have been set by consecrated men like Theodore Thomas, Edward MacDowell, and Ethelbert Nevin, essentially American in sympathy, with the light of a new century in their hearts? How difficult it is to characterize the scope and magnitude of any man's work! How easy it is to exalt him beyond his just valuation, after he is gone! What, then, shall we say of him? If he be great, he would despise flattery or overpraise. If he be strong, he would wish the world to know his weaknesses. If he be

noble, he will have lived with his "star that dartles the red and the blue" always far, far above his reach. Two devoted women have perpetuated the names and recorded the deeds of the men to whom they had pledged their lifelong faith. From Florida, one has written to me of the joy she experienced in his work. Last spring I passed the closed door of the other, when the snow lay white on the hills of Peterboro. And now I am almost at the end of my first biography. Though I cannot venture into that sacred realm with the same consecrated pen as that of Rose Fay Thomas or Mrs. MacDowell, may I not hope that for the sake of my beloved city, and for all that knew Mr. Heinrich's ideals, the tribute of a colleague and friend may stand as authoritative in its estimate of American manhood, talent, and industry?

FRIENDSHIPS

MR. HEINRICH'S friends were legion. Wherever he went he won people, not alone because of his sightlessness, but by his manly bearing, simplicity, and nobility of character. Some idea of these endearing friendships can be gained from letters. Mr. Heinrich was not a prolific letter-writer, but in occasional letters to friends may be seen how deep and abiding were his attachments.

Among early friendships at Jacksonville was that of Belle Hyman, often referred to as "Bella" in his letters. Her brother Harry was also a lifelong friend of Mr. Heinrich. She says:

It was in the fall of 1875 that Wilhelm Heinrich entered the School for the Blind at Jacksonville, Illinois. He was then in his eleventh year, and already the possessor of a beautiful voice. My first recollection of him is hearing a little song, entitled "Down in the Diving-bell," sung in such sweetly tender tones that it won for him the admiration of the entire school. The teachers, who at once recognized the fact that

he was a gifted child, immediately predicted the brilliant career for which his genius had destined him. Not only did Wilhelm Heinrich evince remarkable musical talent, but it soon became apparent that he was equally proficient in mastering the most difficult of the studies in the course pursued. Unlike other children, he took little interest in play, but found pleasure in that which they considered work, and this was characteristic of him all through life. In later years he found real joy and recreation in the study of languages. His vocal and piano numbers were the most attractive features of every entertainment, both at the school and in concerts frequently given by musical organizations in Jacksonville and in his own native town. No task, however great, seemed to appall him; his perseverance equaled every occasion and triumphed over seemingly unsurmountable obstacles. At the time of his graduation, in 1883, when but eighteen years of age, his schoolmates realized that in him the cause of the sightless would always have a noble champion; his example and genius would be an inspiration not only to them, but to the world at large. His endearing personality, his vivacity, his appreciation of the beautiful in nature, music, and literature, his keen sense

of humor, his sympathetic heart, and his loyalty to his childhood's companions have immortalized his memory among those who were privileged to know him as a schoolboy.

BELLE HYMAN EGLER

One of the most interesting tributes to Mr. Heinrich's character and life is that of his old schoolmate and friend, Madie Woodbury:

Danville, Illinois.

Very soon after entering the Institution for the Blind at Jacksonville, Illinois, I discovered that one of the blind boys was very gifted. He was not quite fourteen years of age, and yet he was one of the best tenor singers among seventy boys. In fact, there was only one other that did any better, if as well, and he was several years older. The younger boy was W. G. Henry, or "Willie," as he was then called. He was always singing or playing, if he could get time from his school lessons or a chance at an unoccupied piano. We were learning "The Creation," by Haydn, that year. The tenor of some of the choruses went so high that most of the boys could not sing it; but two voices could be heard, and one was the clear, sweet, young voice of the boy not yet fourteen.

In February, 1879, Willie Henry was

called to the front of the assembly-room at morning exercises and presented with a watch which had been sent to him by his father in honor of his fourteenth birthday. The watch had raised figures on the dial; and as watches were then almost unknown among blind people, the presentation of this one was quite an event.

The next winter found Willie singing more and more; and by the time he was sixteen he was singing solos, and his fame grew in the little city of Jacksonville. Visitors learned to know his name and his best songs. They began to call for him to sing in the chorus hour. No matter how many studies Willie had, he was always ready to sing, and he seemed to be as smiling and happy as anybody could be.

Now, just as his voice was developing and a bright future seemed opening before him, a great sorrow came into his life. He was called home to the death-bed of his father. That kind father had planned to send his son to Europe as soon as he should graduate from the Jacksonville School. This was all ended now. The widowed mother would have all she could do to support her family. Willie returned to school, and, notwithstanding the sorrow deep in his heart, he was soon singing and smiling again.

Words came easily to his lips. I can still hear his clear, distinct voice speaking. If a teacher entered the schoolroom and gave us a morning greeting, there would be a murmur of voices in response, but above this murmur Willie could be heard, speaking clearly and distinctly. Whatever he had to say, he said it, and said it loud enough and slowly enough for any one to hear. He never seemed troubled with shyness, yet he was not bold. He was not nervous or erratic. He was strong and well. He was able and willing to work. He graduated from the school at eighteen, and I did not see him much after that. When he was twenty-two he spent about two weeks at our house and gave a concert in our city.

I well remember a concert that the boys gave at school not long before Willie graduated. He was the master of ceremonies, and, although totally blind, he would step to the front of the stage and announce the next number and then tiptoe back to his place. He would fly around over the stage and help put the boys in position. He was just like a little old music professor even then, when seventeen or eighteen years old. His pronunciation was so distinct that night, when announcing the numbers, that some of us became much amused. It seemed

so odd for a mere boy of seventeen to do that way. No other boy in the school would have done so. They would have felt shy or awkward, or, if they had taken charge, they would have done so in a much less attractive manner.

Willie was not always smiling. I have known him to be serious, and have also seen him extremely angry. He did not remain so long, however, and was ready to restore comfortable conditions as soon as possible. He stood well in his literary work and had excellent morals. MADIE WOODBURY

Another early friend of his boyhood was Frank Miller, who offers this interesting tribute:

My first acquaintance with W. G. Heinrich, or "Will Henry," as we knew him, was in 1877, when I entered the School for the Blind at Jacksonville, Illinois, Will having been there the previous year. As I was a new-comer, strange and timid, Will befriended me, and my heart ever after that went out in love and gratitude toward him. We were congenial, and a warm friendship grew up between us. Will was a most diligent student, and applied himself to all his tasks with the idea of mastery, which trait he showed throughout his entire life. His

studious habits and his marked ability in music made him a general favorite with his companions and won for him the admiration and respect of both teachers and officials. He led an ardent and conscientious Christian life, which gave to his voice its sweet and soulful qualities. I remember well how proud we were of him when he appeared on the program at Commencement, or the Annual Concert, and won for himself much applause.

His companions had much sport with him about crossing the railroad-tracks from the school to town; but this timidity he afterwards overcame. During the vacation months we frequently visited each other. At one time, while at Crystal Lake, we were invited to spend an evening with friends. He was asked to sing, and responded cheerfully and willingly, as was his custom. While singing, some of the housewives were discussing domestic affairs; when he had finished he was urged to sing again. He refused, saying, "I will not sing without the attention of people."

On another occasion, while at the Lake, Will met Miss C., who held a church position in Boston for a time, and their beautiful voices were a delight to all who had the pleasure of hearing them. Will had for a

long time been cherishing a fond hope that he might go abroad to study. Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Dole, who then lived near the Lake in a palatial residence, met Will and were charmed with the beauty of his singing and his character; learning of his ambition to go abroad to study, they opened their home for a musicale, Will and Miss C. being the principal artists. The program was a charming one, and the occasion most delightful. The next morning Mrs. Dole sent her carriage for him and gave him, as a result of the musicale, over a hundred dollars, which greatly rejoiced him.

The last time that he visited me he said, "Frank, I want to meet my old friends and have the pleasure of singing only for them."

FRANK MILLER

No higher tribute can be given any artist than that of his early teachers; among them, a beautiful letter from his old teacher Miss Susan A. Draper, of the Jacksonville School, must of necessity be included:

Milton, the poet, who, like the nightingale, sang in the darkness, has said, "He who would not frustrate his hope to write well hereafter in things laudable, ought himself to be a true poem, not presuming

to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities unless he have himself experience and practice of all that is praiseworthy."

Our friend Mr. Heinrich set no lower standard than this for his career, and nobly lived up to it. Endowed by nature with exceptional gifts and a charming personality, he built up for himself a strong and well-rounded character. Not satisfied with thorough and varied musical attainments, he had a passion for intellectual culture, was familiar with the best literature, and spoke fluently five languages. He was at home in the best social circles, and was ready to discuss the events of the day, as well as music, art, and literature. For several years he met with a club of literary men and women at Harvard, who read Dante in the original. He also belonged to a Spanish Club. He was an extensive traveler in Europe and America, and seemed to bring home as vivid and interesting impressions as his companions with sight.

With all his varied interests and occupations, he did not neglect the culture of his moral and spiritual nature. Early in life he united with the Baptist Church, but he was in cordial and fraternal sympathy with Christian and philanthropic work and workers, "whate'er their name or sign." His big,

warm heart reached out to all the human brotherhood, and his helping hand was ready for those in need. It will be remembered by many how he used to go and sing at the hospitals and for the "shut-ins," to their great delight. His voice was in demand for charitable objects, and he was interested in all efforts for the benefit of humanity.

The passing of such a personality leaves a great void in many hearts and homes, for his friendships reached from ocean to ocean, and beyond the ocean. His memory will linger as an inspiration and a benediction to all who came within the sphere of his influence. He has joined

> "the choir invisible of those immortal
> dead who live again
> In minds made better by their presence . . .
> Whose music is the gladness of the world."

SUSAN A. DRAPER

The following letter from Miss Kate O'Connor is a testimony of lifelong friendship:

Rockford, Illinois.

During busy years I have managed to take several remarkable trips, meeting some of the most interesting people in the world. One summer stands out in the clear sun-

light of my memory, when I paid a visit to my childhood's friend, "Willie Henry," at his peaceful retreat at Norwell.

Mine host met me at Boston with John, his faithful little valet, and when I alighted from the train the family horse and surrey were in waiting. We stopped for a drink at the farm made famous by "The Old Oaken Bucket," and gathered ripe cherries on the way. Arriving at Norwell, Will showed me with great pride the different varieties of flowers about the place; especially the roses, that grew in profusion. He dilated upon the variety of coloring, the kind, the size, and form, stating the different parts of the world from whence they came. His faculty for description was a marvel to me, since I could not see one half so much with a double pair of eyes. At one time he gave me a word-painting of St. Peter's, describing the frescoing and the architectural beauties in a manner that made me see the great edifice right before me. Again, he told me of a whippoorwill that came one evening and sat upon the window-casement, wondering at the little staccato note that preceded its plaintive song. Even the color and shape of its wings he knew.

Then there were the long walks down those fragrant, shady roads where Will

would stop suddenly when he heard the note of the wood-thrush or some other shy inhabitant of the woods. It was then he seemed to compose new melodies in his soul. He would stop abruptly in the road, holding his hat in his hand, and with the sun in his face and a smile upon his lips, he looked inspired — I believe he was inspired.

Many distinguished people came to Norwell, and here he held sway among men and women of science and letters. I was favored by being a guest at his home when his good mother was there, and his devotion and care for her is one of the sweetest memories that I possess.

It was when he was teaching that I realized his genius. It was then that he seemed to concentrate the whole force of his rare gifts and personality on the pupils, in his desire to bring out the best in them.

One day we took a sail, and Will prepared the luncheon, serving the fresh lobsters and telling us all about the methods of their capture. At the beach he sported like a child, proving an excellent swimmer; gathered periwinkles from the rocks and cooked them on the shore.

A cultured, kindly soul was Willie Henry. In him was embodied a triumvirate of personalities,— the strength and courage of

fine manhood, the faith and tenderness of true womanhood, and the simplicity and sweetness of childhood, with the spirit of eternal youth. KATE O'CONNOR

Mr. George Eugene Eager, American Consul at Barmen, Germany, was one of the most devoted friends of Mr. Heinrich during his later life. From a letter to Miss Heinrich, after her brother's death, some idea of this attachment is given:

You must know that we were exceedingly fond of Wilhelm and there was no one whom Mrs. Eager loved to have with us so much as he. We always tried to anticipate his every wish, and during the time he was with us I used to tuck him into his bed every night, and kiss him, just as one would a baby. He was the happiest, jolliest, most congenial and interesting man that I ever met, and of course as a musician he was doubly sympathetic to me. To think that I was unable to see him this past summer makes it still more difficult to bear. A kinder, sweeter, more loving and generous spirit never existed. He will long be remembered by all those who came in contact with him.

I can imagine how sad it must be for

your family, and you know that you have our most profound sympathy. If you can find some little memento of Wilhelm that was close to him, that I might have as a keepsake of him and of our real brotherly friendship, I should prize it most highly.

With kindest regards to yourself and your entire family circle, I remain most cordially yours, GEORGE EUGENE EAGER

Another interesting estimate of Mr. Heinrich's character and life has been offered by his friend Charles McClellan:

Wilhelm Heinrich was a man who would have achieved success in almost any situation in this world, had he been given the opportunity to demonstrate his many gifts. The position he attained in the musical world, burdened as he was by his unfortunate affliction, shows this.

In his love of classic literature, his whole inclination was towards the "serious," as the French say. To illustrate: when the announcement was made of the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica he was as interested as a child at the prospect of a new toy, and at once exclaimed, "I will be one of the first subscribers to the India paper edition."

I replied, "You already have a most complete library; why do you wish this?"

"O my boy!" he cried, "there will be new subjects treated, which I must hear."

When the books arrived I read a most exhaustive article upon music. I said, "This article is very pedantic, not easily understood, with involved sentences, and to a layman to a certain extent obscure. Now will you kindly tell me what is music?"

He at that moment was evidently in an inspired mood, for he answered my question in a most lucid explanation, short and convincing, giving the most fundamental theory, history, and, in fact, a most concise statement in about one hundred words. Unfortunately, I omitted to write down his words, thus losing to the world an educational gem.

I once asked him what plans he had for the future, when the day should come for him to abandon the concert platform. "Oh, then I shall lecture upon music." He would have been eminently successful, as his rhetorical gifts were great; so much so that I told him he had missed his vocation, as he should have been a politician. This power was demonstrated in his Twentieth Century Recitals.

He was an intense lover of nature, be-

ing supremely happy when at his country home, where he could revel in his love of flowers. His botanical knowledge was very complete. He could tell by the sense of touch all the flowers in the garden, and he loved to be surrounded by them.

One of his great gifts was a most retentive memory. He was an expert whist-player. It was necessary to tell him each card as it was played by the others, and he was obliged to remember them all — no mean task.

I recall a little incident of a different nature, again demonstrating a good memory. We were in the habit of taking country walks of about five or six miles, in the evening. Upon one of these walks, shortly after leaving the house we came to a large pool of water in the road. I told him of it, and we went around it. Upon returning, later, in the dark, when we reached the spot he went to one side, while I, having forgotten it, walked directly into the water.

His sense of hearing was intensely acute, which made it a joy to him to go into the woods and listen to the singing of the wild birds, which he called Nature's voices speaking to us. He fairly adored all bird-songs, and could distinguish each one, to say nothing of being able to hear a faint

song in the distance when his companions could not. Many times on our walks he has exclaimed, "There is a motor-car coming," while I could see no sign of one, even though it might be on a clear stretch of road half a mile distant.

I recall still another instance, which seems hardly credible. I was returning one dark night from the post-office, about ten o'clock, when I noticed what seemed to me an unusually bright star. Upon reaching "The Poplars," his residence, I called the company to see it, and we were all puzzled. Attracted by natural curiosity, he left the piano, where he was indulging in his favorite pastime of improvising, and inquired what the attraction was. When told it was an exceptionally bright star, he laughed, and replied, "Your twentieth-century star is nothing but an air-ship, as I can distinctly hear the hum of the motor." The next morning the papers described the flight of Beachey, testing a new light, and from its position we estimated that he must have been at least one mile distant.

Kindness of heart, charity for the shortcomings of others, loyalty to friends, were qualities which endeared him to everybody.

CHARLES MCCLELLAN

Mr. Edward A. Mead, one of Mr. Heinrich's staunch friends, who knew him during his evangelistic work in New York, writes thus:

When I first met Wilhelm Heinrich he was singing at the old Berean Baptist Church, in New York, of which the Rev. Edward Judson, D.D., was pastor. Services were held nightly, and the lecture-room of the church was usually filled with people who had come from homes in the neighborhood, and some from quite a distance, to hear the sweet-voiced singer. I have heard many beautiful singers, but none that could render the Gospel hymns with such sweetness and beauty of expression as Wilhelm.

We became friends at once. Wilhelm was always cheerful and I very often forgot that he was blind, which fact seemed to please him. He frequently spoke as if he could see, sometimes referring to a person who was particularly pleasing to him as being beautiful. We went to the beach on occasions, and Wilhelm gave me one of my first lessons in swimming. He seemed to be fearless in the water, and could stay in much longer than I without getting chilled, even on cool days.

Wilhelm was beloved by all the church people, and greatly missed by them when he left for Boston.

I left for Colgate University at about the same time, and did not see Wilhelm again until many years later, by which time he had become well known in the world of music. Very sincerely yours,

EDWARD A. MEAD

Extracts from a letter from Mrs. Schauffler, who was then occupying Mr. Heinrich's house at Greenbush, written soon after his death, show the esteem in which he was held by both Mr. and Mrs. Schauffler, into whose literary life he had loved to enter at intervals between teaching and concerts.

We, living so near him, had no idea that he was at all dangerously ill, and the news of his death came as a great shock to us both. I am having some flowers sent to you for his grave; we thought we would rather send them to his last resting-place than to the church for the funeral.

I think he is happy in the knowledge of the love and respect his friends showed, who were at the funeral service in the church, and I am sure it would gratify the family could they have been at the beautiful

last service in the church of which he was a part for so many years.

It is n't necessary, I know, to tell you how remarkable a personality he was, but sometimes words of praise for those we love do not come amiss, no matter how familiar we ourselves are with the talents and achievements of those dear to us. But in Mr. Heinrich's case, he had made so much of his life with what would be a tremendous handicap to any ordinary person. Those who knew him at all well marveled at what he had accomplished, and his life was a lesson to those *with* sight as well as to those without it. Our living here in this home has been a great joy to us — not only as a home where we have worked and been happy and accomplished something; but the friendship with your brother, which grew as we saw more of him, has been something we shall never forget.

We hope it is going to be possible for us to stay on here in this home, the making of which was so dear to Mr. Heinrich and which is going to give you and others of the family pleasure in the future. I know he had set his heart on again coming here for next summer.

Very sincerely yours,

CATHARINE SCHAUFFLER

Great artists were always drawn to Mr. Heinrich, and they remained loyal. The gifted walk in the same paths.

Annie Louise Cary Raymond met him in the zenith of her career. She never failed to make an effort to see him when both were in New York. She had hoped to hear him sing in New York a year or two before his death. This was the last time she might have heard him. A letter of that date was probably the last one she ever wrote to him. They met by appointment, however, at Mr. Bristol's, though she was not present at his concert.

Twenty-two North Avenue,
Norwalk, Connecticut.
April 21st.

My dear Mr. Heinrich,— It is with real regret that I shall not be able to come to New York on the 26th. In a way, we are very much *out* of the way, and any evening entertainment necessitates an *early morning* return home. I thank you for your kind remembrance, which I heartily appreciate. If it be pleasant Thursday, I must come to New York by appointment, and I wonder if it would be possible to see you. I am due at No. 2 West 45th St. at ten o'clock, and

ought to finish by twelve o'clock; were you to be at Mr. Bristol's I would come there. I would very much like to greet you.

Always yours sincerely,

ANNIE LOUISE CARY RAYMOND

To Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, the composer, Mr. Heinrich owed much in the way of inspiration during the early, trying years in Boston, as well as later. With her warm, kindly nature and genuine appreciation of talent, she spurred him on to high endeavor. Though many letters on musical subjects passed between them in the course of a long and active career, I have selected only one as an instance of the strong friendship that existed between two gifted and understanding natures. This was written shortly after the death of Dr. Beach.

Hotel Brunswick.
Feb. 27, 1911.

My dear Mr. Heinrich,— Your beautiful letter of sympathy has helped me more than words can express, and I thank you heartily. The terrific strain of the last ten months has left me so tired that Dr. C. feels it wisest for me to go at once into the country for

absolute quiet. I shall be in the home of a very dear friend, who will do everything to cheer me. Later in the spring I hope that I will see you. With deepest appreciation of your kindness to my dear mother, as well as to me, believe me

Faithfully yours,
AMY M. BEACH

Mr. Heinrich valued the interest shown him by Madame Marchesi and her daughter. Letters from each reveal something of the musical impression which he made upon them. They in turn inspired and helped him more than they will ever know.

16 Greville Place,
Kilburn Priory, N. W.
Sunday, April, 1913.

Although I had the pleasure of meeting Wilhelm Heinrich once at my house in Paris, and once in my daughter's house in London, I shall never forget the charming impression that I received in talking to this artist. His happy looks and bright smile seemed to reveal a beautiful soul, and never could one have guessed by his conversation or behavior that he was bereft of eyesight.

He sang German and Italian classic songs to me, playing his own accompaniments;

and I do not know which was more delightful to me, his voice or the expression of pure joy that made his face radiant when he sang.

BLANCHE MARCHESI
for MATHILDE MARCHESI

16 Greville Place,
Kilburn Priory, N. W.
Sunday, April, 1913.

My mother, being now very advanced in years, sends you her best compliments, and hopes you will excuse her for not writing herself. She sends you a few lines.

I am very glad that you are to write a memorial of this charming and delightful singer, Wilhelm Heinrich, who made me feel better and more grateful towards the Creator. He seemed radiant with life, love of song, music, work, and humanity. When he sang, playing his own accompaniments, he seemed to soar high above, forgetting this world that did refuse to him one of the most useful and lovely gifts, his sight. Nothing seemed to reveal that great cross that had been placed on his shoulders; he passed through life with a smile and a song upon his lips. When he sang, with his very sympathetic and easily flowing voice, he seemed to be the happiest living creature, and music must have meant to him much

more than to others, as it was taking the place of so many things that fill our lives and make our hearts happy. His taste in music was very select, and his love for classic songs was preëminent. I shall often think of him in my prayers.

Yours sincerely,

BLANCHE MARCHESI

I would like to add many other letters from friends and colleagues, letters of deep, abiding trust, and reverence towards the most sacred of human relations. But these are so numerous, and the difficulties of choice so great, that I cannot make a further selection. Recognizing the close bonds which united them, in life or art, I assure these friends that their tributes have not been overlooked.

A CHAPTER OF REMINISCENCES

MR. HEINRICH'S keenness of sense-impressions has been touched upon in other chapters. Mrs. Mullaly, wife of a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, tells this story of him:

One evening they were returning from some social event at which Mr. Heinrich and Mr. Mullaly had assisted. When the carriage stopped before Mr. Heinrich's house Mrs. Mullaly said, "Here you are, Mr. Heinrich." He stepped out, began to feel with his cane, and said, "This is not my house." "Oh, yes, it is," she replied. "This is No. 14 Pleasant Street, sir," said the coachman. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said Mr. Heinrich, "two days ago I moved to No. 22 Pleasant Street." He reëntered the carriage and they moved on, as though nothing unusual had happened. In two days he knew by simply feeling the curbstone with his cane the difference in the locations.

A friend, who accompanied him to Europe during the last summer of his life,

says, "He was always buoyant, and I never knew such an investigator." One hot day he visited the cemetery where Beethoven was said to be buried. He paused beside the grave. A custodian, who saw him weeping there, finally remarked, in a cool sort of way, "Honored Sir, the grave of Beethoven is here, but his body has been removed to Bonn." Mr. Heinrich rose and melodramatically replied, "Oh, dear! I shall have to weep all over again when I reach Bonn!"

Mr. Heinrich's friends were conscious of his objection to the word "blind." One day a gentleman was about to introduce Mr. Heinrich to a friend. He started out: "Ah, Mr.— I want you to meet this —" Then he stopped, because he knew he was about to say "blind man." In some confusion, he resumed, "As I said, I want you to meet this colored gentleman." He then bolted, leaving Mr. Heinrich and the new acquaintance in a gale of laughter.

Sometimes, when Mr. Heinrich was very pronounced in his view of things, he sensed a little irritation on the part of his friends. He would always turn the conversation, if

he thought unpleasantness was about to occur, by the remark, "I know I am a crank. But you know the world is turned by cranks."

Mr. Heinrich's extraordinary sense of humor often saved him from a complete nervous collapse. In trying situations it never failed him. During his last illness he was troubled with deafness. This, with the handicap of blindness, would have been fatal to his profession. Speaking to a friend over the telephone, he said, "I am having serious trouble with my ear. I suppose it is because I have been up on my ear so much this past summer."

I have never known a man so sensitive to human voices and footsteps. I was at the opera with him when Mary Garden sang in "Manon." Between the acts, we were walking in the corridor. A young lady passed with a companion. Her voice was so low I did not even hear it, but Mr. Heinrich said, "Is n't that Miss —? Did she see me? I am sure she would speak to me if she saw me." I replied that we would walk on, and she would probably greet him the next

time they met. When she returned, although she was not talking at all, he walked up to her and greeted her with the remark, "Oh, I knew that footstep."

Mr. Heinrich was very generous. He liked to make gifts on occasions when there was some sentiment attached, as, for instance, on birthdays or at Christmas. A well-known Boston business man tells the following story: "When I was a young lad I was working where I came in contact with Mr. Heinrich every day. The first week I knew him he asked me when my birthday occurred. As my family never celebrated the occasion, I had to ask my mother the exact date. Three months later Mr. Heinrich handed me a sealed envelope containing $5 and a card with birthday congratulations. Nothing ever touched me more. When I think that what he did for me he also did for hundreds of others, it is not difficult for me to understand how universally he was beloved."

A gentleman asked, after Mr. Heinrich's death, "What has become of his library? He must have had a very choice and large

one." His library was comprehensive and choice, but not large. So excellent was his selection of books that he was well informed on a wide range of subjects. As soon as a subject appealed to him he made an exhaustive research. When he knew he was to make a balloon ascension he learned all he could about balloons and air-ships. He also sent to a toy shop and got a toy aeroplane. He then read in the Encyclopædia Britannica about the mechanism and history of balloons. When he had the pleasure of making an ascension with Mr. Glidden he was not only enthusiastic, but well informed.

Mr. Heinrich prided himself on being able to go about alone. "While abroad," says Miss Sherrill, "people who could see relied on his judgment and experience. He always took the right train; he was as thoroughly at home in Paris as a man with sight."

I recall the remarkable interest which Mr. Heinrich had in incidents in the lives of those who waited upon him. The train officials, who knew him well, were always ready and happy to serve him. He knew the private history of every brakeman and

conductor. In places where he lived, and at cafés, all the employees were quite as important to him as persons on a higher social plane. He heard their story, sympathized with them, and gave them advice when they needed it. It was just so when he crossed the ocean. He became acquainted with every one at once.

During his professional life in Boston he was to my knowledge twice robbed, once by a boy whom he had befriended and who acted as his valet, and once while coming from New York to Boston. In both cases he treated the matter lightly, nor did the incidents lessen his primal faith in human nature.

A friend writes:

"It was the happiest moment in Mr. Heinrich's life when he had a home in the country and could combine the love of the woods with a desire for peace and study. In the winter the house was known as 'Holly Lodge,' as the woods near-by abounded in holly. When the summer came it was called 'Rosenvilla.' His garden was full of roses tended by his own hand. Every

morning found him discovering new buds and reveling in the rôle of gardener. There was a lovely little hothouse next to the living-room at Norwell. The perfume of flowers was essential to his happiness. He planted many bulbs, and gave away blooming plants at Christmas. Next to his flowers came his fireplace. He would sit for hours before its warmth and glow, talking with friends or absorbed in thought. His breakfast was served on a little table in front of the fire."

A little brook near the house was his third comrade. In the spring he would stand on the bridge, hatless, smiling, with his head raised that he might draw in the damp, earthy smell of the woods, and catch the fragrance of early flowers. But more precious than all were the songs of his loved birds. Not only did he know their songs, but he could describe the plumage of each feathered friend.

Norwell meant freedom to him. He came back from Europe one season, having touched the sacred relics of kings and princes, and, as he hurried up the walk

to his cottage, he exclaimed, "Ah, I feel like a king in my own domain."

He bought the Greenbush house when Norwell became too small for his hospitable German nature. A music-room, large enough for two grand pianos, appealed to him. He could also live there in summer or winter, it was so near the railroad station. At first he feared that the deep-wood birds would be lost to him. What was his joy when he found they appeared to have followed him from Norwell! He now added to his friends of the woods the marsh-birds. A new delight to his ears was the rustling of the poplars and the roar of the ocean.

His evening walks with friends and pupils were a joy to him, and as host at his own table he was in his element.

Mr. Heinrich was obliged to have people about him for personal service. These attendants he did not call servants; they were his "helpers," and he appreciated each for his or her personality.

"Bob," a Southern darky, was his attendant one summer in his country home. Bob was, like his master, a born conversa-

tionalist, but, unlike Mr. Heinrich, he allowed his imagination to play havoc with facts. Mr. Heinrich's artistic sense was often called into play by Bob's "phantasies," as he called them. Bob knew his place. He never sat in the same seat with his master on the train.

One day Mr. Heinrich overheard the darky telling the following remarkable story to a traveler:

"Oh, yas, he's a millionaire; yas, he's a singer an' a gret man — name 's Johnson — Mr. William Johnson. We travels all ober de worl'. Las' Easter we was in Rome — see de Pope. Oh, yas, he 's been a-singin' 'fore all de crowned heads ob Europe, he hez. Here 's our book ob expenses. Why, las' week we spent $3,877. An' dat 's nothin'; we spends a hundred dollars a day, jes' like nothin' at all!"

When Mr. Heinrich left the train he said, "By the way, Bob, what was that you were telling that man on the train?"

"O pshaw, Boss," replied Bob. "Did yo'-all hyar dat? Dese farmers roun' here ain't got no eddication — dey 's all too inquisitive!"

The first housekeeper Mr. Heinrich had was his Aunt Anna, who was a North German, from Schleswig-Holstein. She had previously been a governess in the family of the present German Empress. She was intensely religious, and walked many miles on Sunday to attend a little church of her own faith.

She was very proud of her cooking. Mr. Heinrich was fond of telling these remarks made by Aunt Anna: "*Wir haben selbst gebachenes Brot, selbst gemachte Butter, selbst gebachenes Kuchen, selbst gelegte Eier—ach, nein!*"

She retired in confusion after the last declaration!

After Aunt Anna went away Mr. Heinrich had several housekeepers in succession, the Irish one being the last. She was something of a character, devoted to Mr. Heinrich, somewhat envious of the record of her predecessors. One day a friend visited the house, and the housekeeper convincingly remarked: "Oh, you see it is like this, Ma'am. Mr. Heinrich has had all sorts of housekeepers. First there was the French woman, and it was all oil. Then came the

German woman, and it was all vinegar. Now people think, because I am Irish, it is all potatoes and cabbage and pork, but I can tell you we have everything that is going!"

Her French predecessor was often in despair. "I cannot cook," she often cried; "here it is mutton and peas, but no garlic!" She would also boast at intervals, "Ah, I am ze great cook. You give me your old hat; I will cook it so delēcious you will eat it!" Mr. Heinrich always said her cooking was excellent.

Mr. Heinrich thought every master of a country place should own a horse, and as a result had a series of horse stories. Bob bought him one horse for about $50. He was very proud of his purchase. A ride of twenty-eight miles to bring back some furniture from his studio attracted Mr. Heinrich. So he and Bob started on that trip. As usual, Bob was in high feather, telling extravagant stories all the way, and forcing the horse far beyond its strength. When they had almost reached Boston it began to droop.

"Well, that horse has seen better days," remarked an old lady, as they passed through Dorchester.

"So have you, Madam," retorted Bob, maliciously.

The noise of the city so excited the horse that when they drew up in front of the Lawrence Building on Tremont Street a policeman was required to hold the horse, now surrounded by a considerable crowd. Mr. Heinrich was hurried into the building and the horse was escorted to a neighboring stable to rest for a week, while the discomfited Bob had hardly time to ejaculate: "Yo' no-'count mule, yo', what yo' mean gibbin' me all dis hyar truble fer nothin'?"

The next horse was called "Daniel Webster," as he was born on the old Webster place. This gave him a certain distinction. He had been a fire-horse in his day, and habits of early years were strong within him. Once started, he was off for a fire, and that or the stable was his only stopping-place. Bob said he was a "fool horse—ran up hill and down and only stopped from sheer exhaustion!"

One day Mr. Heinrich and Bob were alone. "What are we going to have for supper?" inquired Mr. Heinrich. "I think I would like one of your fine cheese omelets." There being no cheese in the house, this involved a ride to the village. Mr. Heinrich was delighted. The horse was such a convenience! Soon Bob appeared with the horse. "Steady! Steady!" he cried, as Mr. Heinrich got into the carriage. Then he jumped in himself, and with one leap Dan was off.

In an incredibly short time they were before the village store. Nothing but a fire could cause Dan to pause. "Dis hyar hoss am sutn'ly possessed!" shouted Bob. "Turn him around," cried Mr. Heinrich. They whizzed by the store a second time. The third time was a failure also. By this time a crowd of village loafers had assembled.

"Throw me in a pound of cheese and I'll give you the money," shouted the now irate musician. "We can't stop the horse. *He's wound up!*"

As you may imagine, that cheese omelet was thoroughly enjoyed that evening, and

Dan was afterwards frequently alluded to as "*Perpetual Motion.*"

Dan was sold that fall, but when spring came Mr. Heinrich tried his luck again. The third horse was a good one in spite of her appearance. She was named "Kitty," and had been on the race-track in her prime. She was a humorous-looking horse, with big hip-bones and long, lank legs which gave to her the two names "Bonaparte" and "Cricket."

A fourth summer came and Cricket was no more.

Mr. Heinrich and Bob went down to Scituate to purchase another horse. The price was nominal, the horse good to look at, and, best of all, the generous owner included a harness and a pair of andirons in the bargain. The agreeable dealer said he would drive right over with the horse and democrat, but perhaps Mr. Heinrich would take him to the station?

The price of the horse was paid, and they started off, the man having been joined by an agreeable looking young woman. Mr. Heinrich invited the two to visit his flower-

garden, picking for them a large and beautiful bouquet. He then insisted on escorting them to the station. The next day he discovered that he had been assisting at an elopement, and had furnished the wedding bouquet.

The next horse was afraid of paper in the street, and would turn about abruptly, upset the carriage, and start back home.

The last one was a city horse afraid of a cow, but not of an automobile. She also ate whatever she liked by the side of the road. At last, Mr. Heinrich decided to forego the pleasure of driving, and so the horse problem was settled.

Events like these he spoke of humorously, disconcerting as they may have been at the time, for he was at heart a sublime philosopher.

I never knew him to fail to win appreciation and applause when, in his inimitable way, he told these stories that made him so human among us. Artist that he was, he became as simple as a child in his home, where wealth of anecdote was matched by unfailing hospitality.

AS A TRAVELER

NO one who knew Mr. Heinrich, even casually, failed to realize the wonderful power of mental perspective and imagery that he possessed. He could describe a bit of Swiss scenery as accurately as we might describe the stage settings of an opera.

His letters of 1891, written to members of his family and friends, reveal a wonderful power of imagination. These, with other letters of a later period, show clearly his habits of life and thought, and his position in the estimation of loyal companions.

11 Queen's St., London, W. C.
May 31, 1891.

My dearest good friend Edgar,— You are now five thousand miles away from me, and yet as near and dear to me as ever. I left America the twenty-third of May, via North German Lloyd line steamship *Salle*, a floating palace, and arrived in Southampton this noon. Got to London in time for supper and St. Paul's church evening service. The cathedral is next in size to St. Peter's in

Rome, and in point of symmetry of architecture second to none in the world. It is too large to hear the preacher; although we sat quite near, the echo is so bad that the singing, like that at the Fifth Avenue Cathedral in New York, is very blurred. The church was full, however, and people seemed to enjoy the service. How they could is beyond me, for the Episcopal service is so long drawn out. We walked home after service, going down Fleet Street, Drury Lane, and up Southampton Row. On the way, we amused ourselves asking policemen and others the way back to the hotel; to hear their queer, Cockney dialect is comical. I have been imitating them and driving Mrs. Thompson and Miss Wiley wild. On our way to the English Channel, this morning, we saw the Isle of Wight from the Needles down to Southampton, passing Netley Hospital and Abbey, and later Osborne Palace; the flag being out, we judged the Queen was in residence. The island was covered with a flower resembling goldenrod, called "whin," which made great yellow spots against the green. The trains here are so queer,— little coaches, I should say about ten feet long, each holding six persons; the seats face each other and run as our seats do in America, but they extend across the

carriage; on each side are steps and a door. You are locked in at every station and unlocked at the next. The engines are small and have no bells; as there are no grade-crossings, it is not needed; the engine whistles before the train starts. They go like lightning. The baggage system is odd here in England. They have no check system at all, and every one rushes out at his destination and claims his baggage — or somebody's else, if inclined. Southampton was reached from the steamer — which is a Bremen steamer and does not go up to the port — by a tug, called here a tender. I understand all vessels in European ports are met that way, the port being too shallow to admit of large steamers going up to the wharf. In New York and Boston they go right up to the landing. The country from Southampton was delightful; England is a garden, you know; every spot of ground is utilized and under a high state of cultivation. The hawthorn was in full bloom, as were also the fruit-trees. We passed several abbeys and churches, one in ruins. The weather here is fine just now, but they tell me it has been nasty till to-day. The sea was very calm till Friday, then the wind blew waves on the deck and drenched me good in the bow of the boat; I was not

sick at all, and had such an appetite! Six meals a day, one a *table d'hôte* dinner lasting two hours, with eleven courses!

Address me in care of Dr. Joseph Campbell, Upper Norwood, London, England, Royal Normal College for the Blind, as I do not know how long I may stay here.

Good-bye, dear boy. I hope to go to Italy, then study in Paris, and be back in October.

Love to your mother and sister,

WILL

Frankfort, A. M.
July 23, '91.

My dear sister Dessie,— When I was in Cologne I bought you a shopping-bag, and meant then to write you a letter, but was in too much of a hurry, for Cologne is very expensive. One gentleman made this remark: "I came to Cologne for rest and change. The landlord got the change, and the servants the rest."

When I get to Paris I shall buy more articles to take back. I shall content myself with just a few mementoes from German towns. We were in Homburg Saturday — not Hamburg the seaport, but *Homburg*, the great watering-place. It is about ten English miles from here, on the Taunus

mountain. The slopes are covered with cedar forest, which makes the air heavy with the odor of balsam, considered very healthful. The air is light and exhilarating, and all these natural advantages, combined with a number of mineral springs, which bubble up out of the earth, have made Homburg for years a favorite resort for invalids and pleasure-seekers.

We first stopped at the Ludwigquelle, and waited, with hundreds of people — some fine English ladies, in diamonds and pearls; and others, poor, half-alive invalids in chairs — for the water to gush forth. Every few minutes it rests, and then gushes forth again; so one may call it an intermittent spring. There is a girl standing at the spring with hundreds of goblets, which she fills and hands around. The water is free, but you are expected to pay *Trinkgeld*, as everywhere in Europe. We paid her ten *pfennig* (two and a half cents). The water is delicious. It is full of iron and some other minerals, giving it an acid and somewhat salty taste, and the presence of carbonic acid makes it like soda-water. How would you like to drink some from Mother Earth? The crowd waiting for the water to rise made me think of the picture drawn by John in his gospel of the Pool

of Bethesda, where the Angel stirred the water and the first to step in was cured of his malady.

The ex-Empress of Germany, wife of the late Frederick and daughter of Queen Victoria, was there. The Germans dislike her very much. They say she will remain English, and keeps English servants about her, and that she stays at Homburg to be with her people. Her daughters, sisters of the present Emperor, on seeing the English fleet, said, "Oh, see our fleet!" The present Emperor, who was standing by, said, "*Ihr dumme gänse, es ist garnicht unsere Flotte; das ist die Englische.*" You see she taught her daughters to call everything English theirs.

We went in the dark woods just outside the Tiergarten, where some years ago, when gambling was allowed, the ground was frequently made crimson by the self-spilled blood of some unfortunate player at roulette, who would lose his entire fortune in one night. It made me shudder as I thought of the thousands of mad-brained victims who took their lives there.

The baths are magnificent. The Princess Bath, the finest, costs ten *marks*, or $2.50 a bath. I bathed in the Kaiser Bad, where it cost a little over a mark. They give hot

mud-baths. The people cover themselves with sheets and lie in the mud twenty minutes. They come out black, but plunge into pure water immediately to get clean.

Tuesday we were in Heidelberg, and met Colonel Green and his wife, friends of the Hymans, from Stuttgart. They spent a few days in Frankfort, so we made their acquaintance. Did I tell you that the Hymans are going home about the same time that we are, but we can't go together? Their ship is full. They were in Frankfort two days, and we went to the electrical exhibition with them.

I was just called away to receive a telegram from Aunt Anna, who wants me to come; but I can't. Flensburg is too far from here.

To return to Heidelberg. The castle must have been magnificent before it was destroyed by lightning. The walls are twenty feet thick in some places, and we passed up and down, from room to room, from cellar to tower, through inner and outer courts. Ivy grows everywhere; even up on the top of the tower we climbed and picked some which lives on the little earth collected there through long years by the action of the weather on the stone. We broke off some of the stone. Of course, we

saw the great tree, or wine-cask, that holds, I should say at a rough guess, three hundred thousand quarts. They used a pump to pump the wine up. There were about fifty people of whom our guide, a lady, had charge. Most of them were Americans, and the guide explained first in German, then in English.

I have not yet told you the wonders of Frankfort. The Palmen Garten is a tropical region cut out of the Indian Isles and transported to Germany. The open garden is filled with varieties of palm-trees, interspersed with rose-gardens and foliage-beds of artistic patterns, between which flow little streams crossed by bridges and fed by numerous fountains, throwing their fine spray up among the palm-leaves. There are waterfalls in pretty cascades over ledges of rock, and caves opening behind them; so you go in and look through the falling water. The most wonderful thing is the palm-house of glass, about fifty feet high, in which palms and ferns grow to their natural size, reaching the top of the building. The bamboo and banyan trees from India grow there, and a Southern moss covers the earth as a velvet carpet. There are also waterfalls and basins with goldfish in them. Near this great Paradise are great greenhouses

filled with coffee-plants and other exotics. There are seats all over the grounds in odd nooks, and near the dining-hall are tables where one eats in the open air, under palm-trees, while a fine orchestra discourses symphonic music; and when it rains in winter the hall is used, which is only separated by glass from the palm-house. Then they have symphony concerts every Tuesday through the entire winter. In the summer there are special days when they have a Doppel Concert; that is, the military band is also employed, and in another part of the garden plays between the pieces of the standing orchestra. The admission is a mark, or twenty-five cents. People buy family tickets for a trifle, and go every day with their children and servants to enjoy the concerts. There are two concerts every day, at 2.30 and 7.30 P.M. I visited the Zoölogical Garden Friday, where last month a girl, wishing to commit suicide, crept in by night to the bears' house. When they began to clutch her she screamed, and the keepers, instead of shooting the bear, poked at him with sticks. They only enraged him, so the girl was torn limb from limb. There are many varieties of birds and beasts from all parts of the world, and while these ani-

mals are screeching and roaring there is a fine orchestral concert going on.

While standing before the lions' cage the keeper asked me if I would like to take a young lion's whelp in my arms. I said, "*Ja wohl*," so he got a young lion and laid it in my arms. It was as gentle as a puppy, and snuggled up to my neck so I could feel its warm breath against my cheek. They were being taken care of by a large dog, which was as fond of them as if they were her own offspring.

Frankfort was Charlemagne's capital, and his successors reigned here for hundreds of years. The old Roemer, with its Kaisersaal, where the emperors were crowned, still stands. We visited the Saal to-day, where all the pictures of the emperors, from Karl der Grosse down, are shown. The fountain in front of the house flowed with wine while the emperors were being crowned.

We took one forenoon to visit the Goethehaus, where the author of "Faust" was born. There was the old spinet, which preceded the modern piano, and drawings of Goethe's characters by himself. You know he was something of a painter as well as a poet. We saw the windows in the father's study which he had made especially to watch young Goethe in the garden.

There is much of the old furniture remaining, which is well preserved, and shows the family to have had an elegant home with all the improvements and conveniences of the times. There is a fine picture of young Goethe at fourteen, dressed as a shepherd, standing before the grandmother's chair under the favorite pear-tree at her home, reciting his first poem, in memory of the stories she used to relate to him there when a child. I got the guide to give me a piece of the dishes which the boy broke to amuse himself while his mother was out. He smashed all her china by throwing it out of the lattice from the piazza onto the stone walk below.

The house where the grandfather Rothschild was born is here, in the Judengasse. He was the richest man of his time, but now his sons stand twelfth in the line of millionaires. There are several Americans much richer. The granddaughter's home is near-by, and we picked wild poppies from the beautiful wheat-fields which surround their estate. The whole country is red now with the brilliant wild poppy, which grows in the fields in great profusion.

With love to all,

Your brother,

W. Heinrich

46 Briener Strasse,
Munich, Bavaria.
Aug. 3, '91.

My dear friend,— After a day at the Glyptothek and at the old Pinakothek, of Munich, with their classical stories of paintings and sculpture, I feel somewhat in the proper frame of mind to write you concerning our Bayreuth visit, which proved to be the crowning feature of our European trip. We all agreed that we had never before had such a pleasant experience. There was not a single thing to mar in the slightest the perfect artistic atmosphere in which we moved.

In the first place, the committee assigned us lodgings with Stengel, the maker of wind-instruments, noted in England and in America for fine clarinets. The father, recently deceased, left his fine work in his son's hands; but the son, who is still unmarried, lives with his maiden sister in the large house on Ludwig Strasse, not far from the Wagner estate,— "Wahnfried," as Wagner called it. They are kindly, warm-hearted German people, who took us right into their hearts when they found that my father was a landsman, and made us feel like staying there all summer. The housekeeping was a marvel of neatness, and, actually, the floors were so white and clean that we could with

a good appetite eat pie from them. Our rooms opened into a drawing-room, filled with fragrant plants, and in it an old concert grand piano was placed at our disposal. In the morning they brought us the most aromatic coffee, with the sweetest German semmel, and the freshest cream and butter from cows that grazed on the bordering hillsides; and all was served in the daintiest china. It was such a change after the crowded hotel at Nuremberg!

The morning of the twenty-ninth of July, with hearts beating with anticipation, we rushed through the crowds that surrounded the Bahnhof — all, like us, bound for Bayreuth — and secured our coupé alone. The train had twenty coaches and two engines. We passed through Schnaittach, where, I think, my father was born. It was at least in that neighborhood; for I used to hear him talk about going from Schnaittach to Bayreuth. Seeing the places known and loved by my father, and which are now so closely connected with the good and great in art, stirred me deeply.

At three o'clock, an hour before the opera, a stream of carriages and foot-passengers flowed up Richard Wagner Strasse to the theater, a mile from town. As one approaches the theater the ground rises to

quite a hill, and the street leads you through the Opera House grounds, under an avenue of trees. Back of the building on the hill slope is a dark forest, making a sort of rural effect. I heard Russian, German, French, Italian, Polish, and many other languages which I could not recognize, and, best of all, when I alighted from the carriage our own good English greeted me; for there stood Mr. Murdock, of our music committee in Boston, and with him we waited outside, watching the multitudes from all nations and of every tongue and clime assembling at the temple of art. The impressive opening theme of "Parsifal," given out by the horns, about twenty in number, warned us it was time to enter. We did so, and my heart beat high with expectation. After three such signals in different parts of the grounds, the lights were turned down in the auditorium, and the vast audience was hushed in an instant, eager to catch the first note of the masterpiece of the greatest of composers. At the solemn, impressive Holy Supper motif, first alone, then with arpeggios in the violins, my eyes filled with tears; but by dint of strong will-power I mastered myself. Then the wonderful Faith motif, with its rich, harmonic changes repeated in all keys, and wandering into the Grail mo-

tif, with its wonderful sixths ending in the dominant, fell upon my ears. Oh, how my feelings rose and fell with the swelling, palpitating, sobbing orchestra! The Vorspiel (Prelude) over, the curtain rose and revealed Grailsburg, a lovely wooded scene with a lake in the background.

During the intermission after the first act we went out to the dining-hall to obtain some refreshments, but, owing to the multitudes, we had some difficulty in obtaining food. However, we were in too ideal an atmosphere to be much disturbed by such terrestrial matters, and it was with joy we hailed the trumpet-call to the second act.

During the intermission after the second act we spent an hour sauntering about the grounds, examining the engine-house where the power is obtained to run the intricate machinery of the stage, and for the electric lights.

Some of the music, especially in the Holy Supper scene, where the Grail is exhibited to the assembled knights, is so celestial one can hardly believe it comes from human voices. The Good Friday music, which Theodore Thomas has often played in America, was given here with such earnest feeling that I could not think I was listening to music. It was to me a series of tone-

pictures. Materna sang the part of Kundry; Scheidemantel, Amfortas; and Gruening, Parsifal.

Friday morning was the anniversary of Liszt's death, and a service of Liszt's sacred music, with chorus, soloists, orchestra, and organ, was given in the Catholic Church. The last number, "By the Rivers of Babylon," soprano solo with chorus, was magnificent. This is one of the few Liszt compositions in which I can say I find spontaneous musical genius. Some of the compositions rendered were perfectly incomprehensible. Not one chord from beginning to end had any relation to another, and there were the most frightful discords imaginable. I think they must have been playing from manuscript. The Sposalizio was sung, alto and ladies' chorus—very beautiful, because simple, and not striving after unattainable effects. We were assigned seats of honor. In front of us were Madam Wagner (Liszt's daughter) and her three children,— the Gräfin, the unmarried daughter, and Siegfried. In the pew back of us sat Frau von Gross, and the Stahr sisters, from Weimar, Liszt's favorite pupils, spoken of in Miss Fay's book. The day before, we attended a reception at Madam Wagner's house. The Madam was at the Opera House superin-

tending the rehearsals, and the Gräfin, into whose care the receptions were given, told us that her mother superintended in person every rehearsal and performance. The Gräfin was very gracious, and on observing that some of our party did not understand German, said she would like to speak English with us; that she had learned it as a girl, having had an English governess.

Wahnfried joins the Hofgarten, and over the entrance is written, "Here where my restless fancies found peace, be this place by me named Wahnfried" (the meaning of which is "free from restless longings").

From the grass covered with ivy-leaves at the rear of the house, the gardener let us take some leaves to remember our visit.

A visit to Liszt's tomb, which is in a little chapel filled with gifts of silver wreaths, gilded banners, and other tokens of respect and admiration from all over the civilized world, concluded our stay at Bayreuth.

With kindest regards to my friends, as ever Your friend,

W. G. Heinrich

Hôtel de la Couronne,
Brieg, Switzerland.
Aug. 16, '91.

My dear sister Mary,— Not having my Braille slate with me, you must excuse my writing on my typewriter. I started a letter to you in Frankfort, but owing to lack of time and paper, which was all used up in printing my music, I did not finish it.

The mountain air having a tendency to put me to sleep, you must expect a rather dull letter, for I am even now dozing, though the whole day I have employed in taking one long nap — just getting up for my meals.

Miss Kate is writing something to you about Venice, so I take up Milan and make a division of labor. On the train *en route* to Milan a family of people entered our coupé, talking the queerest lingo,— here and there a German word, and often a sort of Danish sound. Well, I was curious to know who they were, so I thought I would try to address the young man of the party in German, which he understood. In the course of the conversation I found they were Hollanders. They were very pleasant people, and I was sorry when they left the train at some point the other side of Milan, for I learned from them much that

was most instructive about their country. It seems Holland is the richest nation for its size in Europe.

At Milan we stopped at an Italian *pension* kept by a Signor Vivani, which was recommended in Baedeker. It was situated on Strada Silvio Pellico, and we entered a gate leading into an inner court into which the doors of several houses lead. The Ladies' Room opened on the Galleria, the center of business in Milan,— a sort of common in the form of a cross covered with glass. The Duomo is right at hand; also the Scala. In the evening the orchestras of two cafés could be heard from our windows, and a crowd of people in the Galleria made it interesting all day long. Being in the heart of Milan, we saw much in a short length of time.

We spent one morning driving around the city, going all over the bastions, and visiting Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," which is all peeling off with age. In a few years nothing will be left of it but ruin. The Duomo, holding forty thousand people, is so large that I did not know when we got inside, and I kept my hat on until I was told to take it off. The Duomo is so large and high that it has little echo. It seems to the ear like the sounds in an open field.

We heard a band concert in the Plazza Scala. On the program was the Vorspiel from "Lohengrin." When it was finished a storm of applause and mingled hisses greeted the musicians. The applause got the upper hand, and it was repeated, to the delight of the musicians, who seemed to enjoy playing it. One of the hissers near me said, "*E la Musica Tedesca*" ("It is German music"). Another one remarked, "*Molto difficile*" ("Very difficult"). "Lohengrin" was given in Brescia, near-by, the night before, and I am sorry we did not stop, as it would have been a treat to hear the Italians sing Wagner. They told us at the *pension* that "Lohengrin" had been given the winter before with immense success at La Scala and in Venice sixty times. Wagner died in Venice, you know. There was an operatic singer, a Portuguese, at the *pension*, and from her I learned that San Giovanni, her teacher, with whom I wanted to study a little, was sick—had had a paralytic stroke; that Lamperti was on his death-bed, being eighty-seven years old; and that Barbacini was out of town during Festa; so we gave up trying to find a teacher. Friday, the fourteenth of August, we started with our seven bags and lunch, which the good Maria, the *cameriera*, or

chamber-maid, of the *pension* put up, for our lake trip. We felt sorry to leave the *pension;* though they spoke only Italian, we enjoyed our stay very much. The dinners included seven courses,— very Italian, with a large bottle of most delicious mild wine at each plate. The *déjeuner* included four courses, also wine, all for six francs per day. Some of the dishes were new to us. A sort of vegetable like a cucumber, very savory when cooked, called *succhetti*, interested me. One course was musk-melon with dried beef, peaches halved, with sweetening and thin crust baked. Fruits of all kinds were served, including peaches as large as apples, and fresh figs, pears, grapes, and several varieties of plums and apricots, also of different varieties.

Another circumstance that made me feel at home in Milan was the presence of soda-water and ice-cream, which we had not had out of Italy. So, though the day was most propitious for a pleasant journey through the Italian lakes, I felt like leaving home when I bade adieu to Milan. We reached Lake Como in about two hours, and then took the boat. The scenery is most magnificent, as you know, probably, from the fact of it being selected as a summer-place for the rich and powerful of this earth for

many years. The mountains, rising right up from the water's edge, are covered with tropical verdure. The vines, hanging over the rocks into the water, and villas set in wherever nature has left enough level ground, make a beautiful picture. Oleander-trees filled the gardens; and when we reached Lake Maggiore, at the foot of the Alps, where we saw snow on the lofty peaks, there were orange and olive trees in the beautiful gardens; also fig-trees, said to grow wild. The scenery around Lakes Lugano and Maggiore was much wilder and grander but not so picturesque as that at Lake Como. Our tickets took us from Como through Lake Como, passing Bellagio, to Menaggio; then by train to Porezza on Lake Lugano. We then went by boat to Pontetresa, passing Lugano; then by train to Luino on Lake Maggiore, after some trouble with the Swiss Custom House officers, who looked into every box, package, and pocket, and asked me where I got every article in my valise. At Luino, where we took lunch, the hotel-keeper tried to scare us into staying all night, telling us fearful stories about the heat at Bologna; also about the mosquitoes and flies, saying we could get no farther that night. From Luino we journeyed back to Italy, over Lake

Maggiore to Pallanza, and there by bus to Gravedona, where we met some American girls who had been down as far as Naples. They were from Saco, Maine. From Gravedona we went to Domo d'Ossola, where we stopped at Hôtel d'Espagne over night. On the train I got into conversation with an Italian gentleman and his daughters, who pleased me very much with their vehement Italian ways.

All along the route bonfires were ablaze, it being the eve of the Festa of the Assumption of the Virgin; the depots were merry with revelers, who were playing accordions and singing Italian popular songs, chief among which was the Neapolitan song "*Funiculi, Funicula,*" — a rollicking song, which we heard much on the lagoons at Venice, generally sung as solo, at first, and finishing with chorus. I heard Schubert's Serenade well sung on the canal in Venice.

Not being fresh enough to take the first diligence at 6 A.M., we waited for the second, at noon — to our sorrow; for it was slow in starting, owing to the train from the South being late and so the latter part of our journey through the Simplon was after the sun had gone down behind the mountains; the driver and porter on the seat in front of us, for we were on top, stopped

at every station to celebrate with a drink, got pretty lively, and sang and jodled and cracked their whips, and drove like wild-fire around ledges and close to high precipices, until we actually squirmed with fear. We were thankful when we arrived there in safety, and I will say, "No, thank you," to the next one who proposes Simplon Pass by moonlight. We passed through tunnels cut through the solid rock and galleries built up to keep the water from flowing over the road or earth from tumbling. In one case, the water flowed down a cascade to our left, in great torrents. It was kept from deluging us by an artificial structure under which we passed.

We saw several glaciers in the distance, and Monte Leone towering eleven thousand feet above the sea-level. I must tell you how one inn advertised beer, to show you how difficult the Italians find our English orthography. The sign read: "Ber.—Hear." We bought some mountain-cherries from a little girl in the roadway, and that, with some fresh figs and dust, formed our diet for the day.

At the Hospice, built by Napoleon (as the whole pass was also built, in a few months, for him to get his army into Italy easily), a man got into the diligence with a

St. Bernard dog, which he had no doubt bought from the monks who raise them and from whom they get their name.

We had a concert to-night at table: some Swiss mountaineers came in with a sort of lute and sang Swiss songs for us, jodling and screaming in their wild, mountain fashion.

We then took a walk across the Rhone, which is very swift and muddy here. The Seltine, a tributary, flows by the hotel, and we were wooed to sleep by its pleasant murmurs.

I close with much love.

WILHELM G. HEINRICH

Hôtel St. Pierre, Paris.
Aug. 24, '91.

My dear friend,— . . . Our most venturesome and exciting experience was our trip to Chamonix, where we crossed the Grand Glacier des Bossons. It was the most dangerous as it was the most foolish thing I have ever attempted in my life, and nothing could induce me to repeat it. Chamonix, the lovely valley at the foot of Mont Blanc, itself three thousand feet above the sea-level, is about fifty miles north of Geneva. It lies in France, contrary to the popular idea that it is in Switzerland. We

went by rail to Cluses, then in a diligence drawn by five horses up an ascent of twenty miles, through tunnels, beside precipices, and lofty cliffs. One can see Mont Blanc from Geneva in clear weather, and we kept it in view most of the time. Toward the latter part of the journey we came into the region of the glaciers and passed within a few hundred yards of them, while grass and flowers and trees seemed to extend from the road to the edge of the ice. After a good dinner at the hotel, we engaged a guide and started for the Glacier des Bossons, expecting to take the Mer-de-Glace, which was farther, another day, if we felt equal to it.

We began an ascent of a rocky, dangerous character, very steep and difficult, crossing wild mountain torrents on narrow logs and getting into the water so my feet and pantaloons were wet before reaching the halfway house, where we stopped to rest and refresh ourselves, and view the beautiful Cascade de Dard. Then came another half-hour's climb up to where we were to cross the glacier. On the way, the guide picked wild strawberries, blueberries, and other small fruit which seems, in spite of nine months' winter and a rocky, crumbling soil, to eke out a scant existence. We found a

great deal of heather and bluebells in the path. The trees near the highest portion of the glacier are, of course, evergreens.

At the edge of the glacier was another refreshment-house, from which, when we saw the dangerous ice before us, we obtained another guide. We put on knit overshoes to keep us from slipping, and then began crossing the glacier, which now seems like a nightmare. Think of the steep slant, down which a misstep would send one into eternity in an instant! Think of the descent on the opposite side, about fifty feet of which was perpendicular, and the only foothold was cut with a hatchet in the ice, and nothing to hold to but the guide! My guide and I were in each other's arms most of the time. I put my foot beside his and with my cane felt for the next foothold. Just to think of what a slip would have meant makes me shudder. On the opposite side is the ice-cave, made beautiful by the light, which in penetrating the ice is blue. I did not mention the great pyramids of ice on the glacier, which were magnificent; one can easily imagine where the icebergs came from after seeing a glacier. If I were asked to explain a glacier I should say it is a fast river frozen solid in its bed on the mountainside, which constantly slips down into warmer regions

as it melts away, losing in summer what it gains in winter. We descended on the grotto side and reached the hotel, wet and tired, about dusk.

At the *table d'hôte* we saw some more glaciers, this time very harmless, chopped up fine to cool the water, and keep the butter hard. We concluded not to try the Mer-de-Glace next morning, though the guide assured us it was less dangerous than the Bossons, being a basin in which several glaciers rest and, consequently, not so precipitous. There were parties of gentlemen there who were to ascend Mont Blanc. Next day, in a snowslide, a party of two ladies and guide were lost; so you see how dangerous Mont Blanc is even in summer.

We have not seen much of Paris yet, as we are feeling worn out with our Chamonix trip. I go to Delle Sedie to take some lessons, for the first time, this afternoon.

Yours as ever,

W. H.

Mr. Heinrich's connection with the Dunning Bureau of Travel was singularly fortunate. Among testimonials of members of those parties at different periods, I am impressed with those of Miss Louisa P. Merritt, Miss Carrie Sherrill, and Miss Mary

Law, of Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C.,—women of high culture and breeding, in whom the choice spirit of Mr. Heinrich found a counterpart.

The memory of my first meeting with Wilhelm Heinrich and his sister is among the most delightful incidents of my trip to Europe during the summer of 1910. It all came about in this wise. After a month of independent travel, my cousin and I joined the Music Lovers' Pilgrimage. Mr. Heinrich was one of the leaders of this party, which combined the pleasures of European travel with those of hearing and studying good music in every country visited.

In joining a party you always wonder how much you will receive. Will you assimilate readily? Will you find true companionship and merry-hearted people who meet you half way, ready to laugh at your pet witticisms and allow you to laugh at theirs and thus beguile the tedious hours that needs must come in all journeyings? We joined this party at Durham, England, where we had already been for five days, and every day we had worshiped the Cathedral: outside, we worshiped its glorious position, its architecture, its glory of golden color against blue or gray sky; inside, we

worshiped its glory of golden color with the slant beams of morning sunshine touching to gold this column or that capital, as the light fell through the windows and streamed athwart the purple shadows of the lofty nave. We worshiped the music of the organ, too,— noble music, appropriately filling the spaces between the massive Norman columns and arches.

So this day we went to the Cathedral to join our party, and found the members of it listening to a talk on "Cathedral Music." The fine, earnest faces of the men and the large and wonderful hats which concealed the faces of the women were what impressed us most at first glance. Soon we all went into the Cathedral to the morning service; and then, after the service, Mr. Heinrich and his sister sought us out and gave us a hearty welcome and a letter of introduction from a mutual friend. Mr. Heinrich's smile and cordial hand-clasp seemed a part of the sunny atmosphere of the Cathedral, and I felt that here was a traveling-companion whose presence would be a boon to any company of tourists. And thus it proved, as we traveled in many countries, and as we met the usual obstacles of travel in the right spirit.

In the lecture-field Mr. Heinrich excelled.

Now, be it understood, I am not a musician, but truly a "music lover," and in joining this pilgrimage I hoped not only to enjoy the opportunity to hear good music, but to gain from that music, and the lectures given, a better appreciation of all music for its own sake. In this connection I found that Mr. Heinrich's lectures helped me more than all others. He had the rare gift of telling us what we needed to know in as few words as possible; all unnecessary information, all personal experiences, were eliminated. Our attention was held throughout; we never once thought, "How tired I am!" or, "How I wish I had gone to see the Cathedral again, instead of coming here!" No; we were pleased listeners, and all at once he was done — and we wished he had told us more; we had learned something definite and tangible.

As we made our pilgrimage through England we entered many a glorious cathedral, heard many a morning or evening service, and many a fine organ concert after service. At Oxford I remember well how the rain was falling as we left the service. Some of us were wise and had umbrellas, so we went proudly home through the showers. Some of us were foolish and had no umbrellas, so we waited for the showers

to stop; and by way of making the best of it, Mr. Heinrich talked in his inimitable way. The climate of England is moist, and some of that moisture seems to be always held in solution on the pavements of the glorious cathedrals. Therefore, when we reached London poor Mr. Heinrich had to take a course of baths for rheumatism; for, as he declared with a comical smile, he had developed a "housemaid's knee" attending all those services and kneeling upon all those chilly pavements.

Leaving England, we changed countries rapidly,— France, Germany, Switzerland, and back to Germany again,— and we women always wanted small change in every country. Here another characteristic of Mr. Heinrich came to light, for he rescued us from many financial difficulties. We were always borrowing money of each other and trying to pay it back in a different kind of money; this involved Mr. Heinrich in many a sum in mental arithmetic, such as: "When I was in the Isle of Wight I borrowed two and six of a lady; she borrowed one franc five centimes of me in Paris, and now I want to pay her back. How can I do it in German money?" He never failed us; for he always knew to a pfennig what we should do to clear up these mysterious situations.

One day our company of pilgrims journeyed by boat upon the river Rhine from Cologne to Mayence, beginning our day by attending six o'clock mass in the Cathedral and hearing a Gregorian Chant gloriously rendered. Then came that beautiful trip upon the Rhine. We had all thought about this "delectable land," dreamed about it, seen pictures of it; and when at last it was unrolled before us in all the glory of sunshine upon a perfect August day "no charm was lost, no looking-for was cheated; it was the thing we knew." This was a day of great pleasure and satisfaction, and among other pleasures was that of lunching in a saloon which was all windows, so that nothing of the view could be concealed as we sat at table. Although we have forgotten the solid articles of that repast, shall we ever forget the liquid ones? The pure "Rhine wine" flowed freely; we were not at all certain about the value of a new kind of money, and that always makes it easy to order wine. How clear and white, how mild and delicious, that wine was! Ale in England, beer in Germany, and, above all, the white wine on the Rhine!

How comfortable to rest a bit and snatch an afternoon nap! All through the golden afternoon the lovely Rhine unfolded new

beauties before our delighted eyes until sunset. Darkness came all too soon; the red-letter day was over, but the journey was not over for two hours. Mr. Heinrich gave us an object-lesson in the gentle art of patience. The dim lights of the boat were insufficient for reading, but he did not need a light to read. No doubt he was as tired as any of us, but there he sat, making the best of it as usual.

Another fine day we ascended the Rigi, starting from Lucerne late in the afternoon. We crossed the Lake of the Four Cantons, never more charming than upon that afternoon, reflections of the mountains streaming long and clear across the blue of the water. We landed at Vitznau and ascended by train to the hotels, which are not quite on the summit. You walk up a little steep path to the top of the mountain, where you find yourself upon a peaked ridge topped by a dizzy platform; there you look upon the world almost as independently as if in an air-ship. Below are deep valleys, and beyond in every direction the snowy Alpine peaks. We had our post-cards and we could pick out the peaks — just where they ought to be, too. Jungfrau, Eiger, Mönch, the Bernese Oberland, are the nearest and most attractive. The St. Gothard Pass is a lovely

purple vale below our feet; a little line of steam and smoke puffs through it; yes, there goes the train for "sunny Italy"; it will soon be in the black tunnel, mocking the glory of the sunset on the high peak far above.

And now the sunset comes on apace, the little lakes turn to molten gold, the sun retires behind a low cloud lined with crimson, and the lovely silence of nature seems to be expressed by the lofty peaks waiting very patiently for the glory which shall come to them. Now the valleys are shady and deep in purple mists, the shadows creep higher and higher, the peaks turn rosier as the sun sets, while far above they stand, those marvels of rose and violet, pink and purple. The pale new moon timidly peers forth to enjoy the sight.

The sunset is over! Prosaically, we go down hill to dinner, bringing the keen appetites of mountaineers to a most satisfactory repast. After the night has fairly come we venture forth once more, feeling a bit uncertain whether or not we will fall off this dusky mountain-ridge. Here are stars,—uncounted myriads twinkling above us in the blue darkness of sky; uncounted myriads sparkling below us in the purple darkness of earth, where the cities and towns nestle

amongst their trees and beside their sweet, reflecting lakes. Have I described the scene so you can see it with me?

We hurried back to the hotel parlor, for Mr. Heinrich was to give us a talk upon "The Folk-songs of Different Nations," illustrating from time to time by singing some songs himself; his power as a linguist seemed unlimited. The clear air, the sense of being on the heights, the beauty of the sunset, were all reflected in his voice. I remember thinking and saying that he might never have sung so well before, and perchance he never would again. His voice had the spontaneous quality of the bird-note, free and joyous, without the thought of training, or of years of experience needful to produce the delightful sounds. He sang French, German, Italian, and English; it mattered not to us. We understood it all as we would a bird-song, for the bird speaks your language, whatever that may be. No accompanist was needful, for Mr. Heinrich could sit at the piano and the ripple of the notes beneath his fingers blended with his voice as the ripple of the brook meets the notes of the forest bird.

The next morning we were awakened by the sonorous notes of the Alpine horn, first below us, then on our level, then above us; for nobody could oversleep. Half-past four

of an August morning and we were all up and out, reluctantly obeying the much-belanguaged notices in our rooms to the effect that we were *not* to wear the bed-blankets for wraps when we went to see the sun rise. We scrambled up the hill again and once more we were fortunate — and wonderfully so. The air was crystal clear, and every peak stood forth again with startling distinctness. The rosy peaks of the previous night stood in purple silhouette against the eastern sky, while the dusky masses of the night before were pink and clear now against the west. The valleys had not yet awakened, but were full of downy mists. As we toiled up the steep little path we saw Mr. Heinrich at the summit, sitting patiently, with serenity expressed in his whole attitude; he was waiting for the sunrise, and his face was turned toward the light. "Ah!" thought I, "this is the secret of his serenity and his fearless walk through life,— his face is turned toward the light, and that light shines upon every one who meets him, sees his sunny smile, and feels the friendly grasp of his hand." And so the lesson of his life comes home to us now. Let us sit patiently upon the heights, with our faces turned toward the light, waiting for whatever blessings may come to us.

Louisa P. Merritt

Although I was intimately associated with Mr. Heinrich for only a few days abroad, a few days are equal to many months in the point of atmosphere and inspiration which one receives from a presence like his. He radiated sunshine everywhere, but particularly in the land in which he felt his highest soul's delight,— the idyllic realm of music. Nobody who had not seen Mr. Heinrich at Bayreuth could possibly understand the exaltation in his face when he was in that charmed atmosphere. There was always something noble in his bearing, courteous, highly sensitive, and yet optimistic. He was one of those singular personalities which stamp themselves upon a life almost in passing—such a personality as Drummond must have had in mind when he said, "We say that we exchange words when we meet. What we really do exchange is souls."

My mother and I had made no arrangements for the Festival at Bayreuth, but we were so anxious to attend the Wagner operas that we journeyed to Bayreuth, and were fortunately able to secure tickets for the first two operas of the Trilogy; that is, "Das Rheingold" and "Die Walküre." After having heard the first two, our appetite for the opera was whetted, and, in the atmosphere of this beautiful old German

town, which was much larger than I had anticipated, for I believed it was nothing more than a Dorf before I saw it, we made up our minds at the office of the Festspiel to obtain tickets for "Siegfried." While we were in the office Mr. Heinrich came in and conversed with an officer, or agent, regarding the tickets for his party. I went up to him and introduced myself, for we had met in Boston; and he was very pleased to meet us. I can remember the singular smile which crossed his features as he greeted acquaintances from home. He radiated sunshine always, and I felt that it was exceedingly fortunate for us that we were to be associated with him, even for a few days, there at the great center of the Wagner operas. Full of his kindness of heart, he agreed on the following day to take us to the home of Frau Wagner. The Villa Wahnfried, the home of the Wagners, adjoins an old castle. The grounds are exceedingly beautiful, with a grove of chestnut-trees on either side of the path, up which we walked; for I had already secured my tickets for "Siegfried," in the balcony, as there are a few five-dollar seats usually left for those who come late to the Festival, and Mr Heinrich was comparatively sure of his own tickets.

When we arrived we discovered that Mr. Heinrich, who was always accustomed to going to Frau Wagner's, and was regarded as a friend of the family, could not be received that day with us. Frau Wagner sent her regrets, saying, "Will you kindly call at the same time to-morrow? We are expecting the King of Bulgaria." Of course, this was a matter of so much importance that ordinary Americans could not be received. So we reluctantly walked down the broad steps and down the path, lined with chestnut-trees.

As we were going down the path, I saw approaching a very tall gentleman with a military bearing, accompanied by a distinguished-looking lady. "O Mr. Heinrich," I said, "I am quite sure that this is the prince." Now the fourth son of Emperor Wilhelm, August Wilhelm, who is very tall and carries himself like a king, was really at Bayreuth. Knowing this, I naturally supposed that he had come to call on Frau Wagner, as she entertains very distinguished persons. I had hardly time to explain to Mr. Heinrich that it was not the young prince approaching, but a gentleman of middle age, also of distinguished bearing and tall, when he sensed the approach of the strangers, and made a very low bow, removing his hat. At the same time the distinguished gentleman

observed that the blind man was giving him this greeting, and, with the high-bred courtesy of a true aristocrat, he removed his hat and bowed very low, the lady also bowing graciously. When we reached the gate I asked the porter who the guests were, and he said, "It is the King of Bulgaria going to call on Frau Wagner." So we had really met a member of the nobility after all. But I shall never forget the sensitive flush of high-bred courtesy on the part of the king, and Mr. Heinrich's equally beautiful tribute to royalty.

On our return, we went to the hotel where Mr. Heinrich was registered, and, as it was a very hot day, we decided to have some refreshments. Suddenly, a very vivacious little woman, dainty and pretty, tripped up to Mr. Heinrich, took him by the hand, and began to sing. He looked puzzled, smiled, and finally said, "I know who you are. You are Miss Kittie Cheatham." Then came Madame Aldrich, and Mr. Hertz, the conductor. We also met Mr. Dippel at the same time. The fact that one meets representatives of royalty at the opening of the Festival is due to the fact that Bayreuth lies in the center of principalities. It was so chosen. And also the various members of

nobility usually assemble during the opening season at the Nibelungenring.

Mr. Heinrich was always much pleased to meet distinguished musicians, and they always paid him a great deal of courtesy.

On the following day we decided that we would not go to call on Frau Wagner, as we were anxious to continue our journey to Leipsic. So we mentioned to Mr. Heinrich that we should like to have him go with us. It was the end of the week, and he did so with great pleasure and delight. This was July 28. We attended "Siegfried" on July 27. On our way to Leipsic we passed the town of Hof, celebrated for its fine beer. "Here," said Mr. Heinrich, as he heard a voice at the window, and signaled to the conductor, "is the town where my ancestors were born. They were good old German people." It is a very pretty place, this Hof, and although Mr. Heinrich entertained no particular memories of the place, as he had not lived there during his life, it always interested him as being the home of his ancestors. Hof is a border town, situated between Bohemia and Prussia, on the way from Bayreuth to Leipsic. It is a very beautiful place indeed.

On reaching Leipsic we went to our hotel, and Mr. Heinrich continued to the home of

his brother, who was a dentist in that city. There he met his sister Desdemona, and his brother. Strange to say, I feel that I was responsible for that last meeting between Mr. Heinrich and his brother and sister; for it was I who invited him to go to Leipsic, believing that when his party came up from Bayreuth he would be needed in the interpretation of the operas. So he passed this day with his dear ones in Leipsic, they hardly realizing that it was to be for the last time. We went out to Gaschwitz, where Miss Heinrich had frequently journeyed to play golf, and here we had our luncheon and coffee; it was a beautiful day, long to be remembered. CARRIE SHERRILL

Spartanburg, S. C.
March 9, 1913.

It is hard to write my thoughts of Mr. Heinrich. I shall talk reminiscently, rather than in a style suitable for publication. You know Mr. Heinrich was very kind to me from the first, and would always recognize my voice — I suppose it was my Southern accent! I soon realized, however, that I must not seem to monopolize him, for the other members of the party wanted him, too. It was not due to his blindness — "sightlessness," he always called it — that everybody

was drawn to him; but to his charming and unvariable courtesy, his gentleness, and his sympathetic appreciation of the qualities of others, as well as his broad culture and noble, unselfish spirit. I thought of him as a walking encyclopedia,— there was no question in art, letters, science, music, or social custom that he could not explain promptly. The little niceties of dress seemed to interest him wonderfully. The culinary art was also a favorite topic. His sense of humor was so keen and his command of language so perfect that he could always entertain a large party with a good story. I recall the concert given on board ship. He asked me to assist him in arranging the program, and my first duty was to find out the musicians among the passengers. It was an interesting experience for me, and resulted in my making many pleasant acquaintances, as well as in bringing me into closer touch with Mr. Heinrich. I remember being told by one experienced ocean-traveler that all her previous ship-concerts were failures, whereas our musical evening was deserving of its name. I shall never forget the charm and the pathos of Mr. Heinrich's songs,— Schubert's Serenade and "Who is Sylvia?" and an English song, "Cowslips," I think it was, which brought tears to the eyes. His first

lecture-recital on Debussy and other song-writers, and a later one on English song-writers, presented much food for thought; it was given in a most original and graceful style. Mr. Heinrich seemed by his inner consciousness to see much that escapes ordinary eyes. He stood for an hour or so on deck leaning on the rail, "looking at" the wonderful moonlight on the sea. Again, when I attended with him a performance of "Pelléas and Mélisande" he seemed to appreciate all the fine points of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's acting and the details of the stage-setting. Three charming afternoons with Mme. Blanche Marchesi and Mr. Heinrich added much to the joy of my stay in London. On one of these days we were entertained at the home of the Princess Polignac, who seemed to be a sort of patroness of music, and here we met a number of musical lights, among them Dr. Ethel Smyth, at present, I understand, serving a term for smashing windows. It was interesting to note the deference which every one accorded to Mr. Heinrich, and to his opinions as to the music of the new composers whose works we had been invited to hear.

In Paris a similar gathering of world-famed musicians showed their respect to him in the home of Sebastian B. Schlesinger.

Unfortunately, on this occasion Mr. Heinrich was annoyed by a cold and could not add his own performance to the evening's program; but on every other occasion when he sang, the pure quality of his lyric tenor voice, and his artistic interpretation of songs, held his audience in rapt attention throughout. He seemed always to have found compositions undiscovered by other singers; for instance, hitherto unknown songs by Liszt or Brahms. He told most charmingly of his talks with Debussy, of the composer's love for birds and flowers, and their language, expressed in his sometimes perplexing compositions.

Among the many surprising qualities possessed by Mr. Heinrich were his good business methods, resourcefulness, and executive ability. The conducting of a party of a dozen inexperienced tourists across the water was rather a responsibility for a sightless man, but the burden was not lifted at the landing; and for several days the unexpected duties of providing lodging and railway-service, with their attendant problems, also devolved upon him. These were executed with remarkable discretion, tactfulness, and with apparent ease, though Mr. Heinrich referred later to the experience as one of the most trying circumstances of his

life. His remarkable business ability was also evident on many other occasions.

The inspiration received from Mr. Heinrich during the days going over on the boat will always be a beautiful memory, especially so because at the last his plans were changed and he did not return with us. I had looked forward to delightful hours of retrospection to be enjoyed on the return trip; so it was a great disappointment to our little circle when his letter came telling of the change. In November he wrote me of his plans for several recitals in the West and perhaps in the South; and the next word was during Christmas week, when I heard he had passed away. What a beautiful legacy he has left in the memory of his unselfish, uncomplaining, generous life!

MARY HART LAW

SILENCE*

WHAT do they say? — "He is dead!"
The Singer who led us along
The beautiful highways of song,
Where we with sweet rapture were fed.

We said, "Is it angel or bird,
That heavenly tidings would bring?"
So close to our hearts did he sing,
The throb of the spirit was heard.

If Death its cold fingers should lay
On those lips ever sacred to song,
The echoes would speedily throng
To murmur a dirge o'er the clay.

He is mute for awhile, but not dead;
For wonder it is, and not Death,
That hushes a moment his breath,
Until the strange message is read.

Too sudden the dark curtain fell
That hides him away from our sight;
Too soon has the bird taken flight,
Without one brief note of farewell.

It is only a pause in the strain
Whose beauty we scarcely had guessed;
And the world he has brightened and blessed
Shall hear the sweet singer again.

*A poem read at the Memorial Service, Jacksonville (Illinois) Institution for the Blind.

HIS DEATH

WHEN I was a child death filled me with unspeakable terror. I first saw its mask in the person of an old man of ninety, at whose knee I had often listened to the story of the Mexican War. The drawn features, the pallid cheeks, the sunken eyes, haunted my memory for years.

Then came the tragedy of a little sister, and my childish heart was broken. Hardly had this great grief been mellowed by time before a loved playmate, a hoydenish, rollicking, big-hearted girl, passed out into the Beyond, and again I covered my eyes with terror, seeing nightly the grim and silent specter that bore sorrow upon sorrow in its trail.

Years passed; often I paused beside a new-made grave, and smiled back to Heaven as a ray of warm sunshine flashed upon the upturned earth, half hid amid glistening petals of roses that softly nestled toward the still form, cold and silent beneath. I could not call friend or kinsman back to retract

one word that marred the past; but still I smiled, for I had traveled a long distance since childhood, and death had lost its terror.

To-day I know that life is unending. At the door of death service cannot cease. Heaven lies all about us now. Some day we too will be called to larger usefulness in that great school where every task will be sanctified by Love, and where our ministry will include the poorest and weakest of God's children whom we knew on earth; while those sainted spirits that entered long before us, grown dearer by absence, will point out to us the way by which we may mount higher.

Mr. Heinrich's death was so sudden, in the midst of preparation for that glad time of year when all the world gives of its treasures to loved ones far and near!

To some a death at Christmas-time seems inexpressibly sad. To the loyal friends of Mr. Heinrich there was a wonderful peace at his funeral services. A friend wrote this to Miss Heinrich, who was far away in Germany:

Could you have been at the funeral, as it was our privilege, I am sure you would have said, "How beautiful!" The wind was whistling outside, but inside the church there were peace and reverence amid the sorrowing hearts of those from whom had been taken a life so full of joy. The sun was shining through the beautiful stained-glass windows; the altar still wore its Christmas decorations; and in the midst was the gray bier, with its pinks and roses, pansies and greens,— loving tokens from his many friends. In the middle was a large white piece, with a bunch of pansies nestling there for warmth. At the foot was a bower of pink roses.

The service opened with a selection for organ and violin; this was followed by the reading of the service, a hymn, and the prayer — and such a prayer I have never heard. It voiced the hearts of the people, thanking God for the privilege of having known this life of sunshine, taken from our presence, but not from our memory. In his short remarks the minister referred to the answer given by Mr. Heinrich when asked just before going up on his balloon-trip with Charles Glidden, "Are you not afraid?" The response was, "I will trust my pilot." So had he trusted his heavenly Pilot

throughout life. The remarks were brought to a close by the reading of Tennyson's Crossing the Bar. Then the choir sang "Cast Thy Burden on the Lord," the final hymn being "Abide with Me," in which all were invited to take part, thus helping his companions in the choir, for whom the singing was so difficult. It was a quiet funeral, such as I have no doubt your brother would have desired. We were among the last to leave the church.

In death Mr. Heinrich was, as in life, serene. The amount of work he did was enormous. No one knows what a stupendous task it was for him to memorize his large repertoire of songs, oratorios, and church music. Two years before his death he complained of a dull pain in the head, and feared loss of memory. His trips to New York when he taught there; his three Lenten Recitals, with their attendant research for new songs; his social obligations, which, though not many, were a strain upon his eager receptivity, for in these he displayed his power of leadership,— all combined to break his constitution. His summer trips to Europe had been a severe drain upon him,

though he looked forward to them with the ardor of an exuberant spirit. In zeal I never knew his equal. He could not bear to be considered less a worker in the world's vineyard than a man favored with sight. Gifts like his should have been guarded. The sweet and peaceful atmosphere of a home should have been his; but to relatives and friends he always betrayed that eager, restless passion for knowledge which made him center all his forces upon his beloved art.

Once he asked me rather wistfully if the building in which I lived was more like a home than his studio, on Tremont Street; and when I told him that I had a fireplace and a bit of a kitchen, that had been made from my hall, he laughed and said, "That sounds well. Perhaps I should like to live in such a place." But the very next week he moved farther down Tremont Street to new quarters. He could not bear to leave the scenes of his early musical life in Boston. When the Back Bay became a new center for artists and musicians he remained behind, because habit and tradition were strong in him.

At his death many people expressed regret that he should have been removed in the fulness of his powers. His life had, indeed, contained too much work, and, until his last years at Greenbush, too little recreation. The frequent change of attendants and studio accompanists added to his burdens. He accepted the sometimes forced conditions of his life nobly, but they told upon his strength and nervous force. He went about the city very much alone. He traveled to New York, and Worcester, and even to the far West, on his concert-trips, unattended. I have often seen officials on incoming railroad-trains hasten to help him, and he accepted that aid as an act of friendship. The light in his face invited comradeship and attention.

He was often saved from mental strain by a habit of concentrated attention, varied by frequent outbursts of humor. Among his intimate friends he was full of anecdotes, never so happy, in fact, as when entertaining at a Bohemian dinner-party. His systematic habits, supplemented by a full and enthusiastic spirit, gave him enough elas-

ticity to ward off fatigue. Method in his life kept it sane, and, to a certain extent, safe; insidious disease crept upon him, and yet he filled his days with increased public activity and responsibility. His joyous, almost boyish enthusiasm, after a day at Greenbush in the early spring, could be followed by days when mind, soul, and body were forced into service.

Everything that called forth tender memories — a beautiful poem, or a voice in which feeling dwelt — affected him deeply. At one of his recitals Mrs. Henry Russell, wife of the director of the Boston Opera Company, sang several groups of French songs. Her voice, though small, was very sympathetic; her diction, faultless. Mr. Heinrich, who had been so recently under the spell of D'Indy, Debussy, and Mme. Marchesi, was seated at the side of the stage, his face beaming with pleasure and appreciation. The younger Russell boy, eager and expectant, sat on the front seat, a potted plant in his hand, although his mother had requested that no flowers be given to her, when suddenly he caught sight of Mr. Hein-

rich's face. After the concert the gifted child ran excitedly to the anteroom and whispered, "O Mother, I know Mr. Heinrich liked your songs, for I saw tears in his eyes!"

There was something wonderful in the fortitude which he displayed in his last illness. Only a few days before he left us he talked to Mr. Benedict about his coming spring concerts, and outlined the programs. His Christmas work was constantly upon his mind. Was it not significant that, at that time, when all the world was giving its best to loved ones, he should be preparing the greatest gift of man — his talents — for the service of God? He lived to the full, until death freed his spirit.

There are two sides of Mr. Heinrich's nature that, from the first, I knew, and respected: his clear intelligence, and his emotional stimulus. Others thought first of his manliness and business capacity; still others loved to speak of his humor and his fearless defence of right. I recognized all these, and still confess to the fascination of his intellect and the impelling power of feeling that he

betrayed in song. Some people have a mania for acquiring knowledge, just as others have a mania for the accumulation of wealth. It was this lifelong habit of investigation that made us kindred spirits.

When I read in a morning paper that Mr. Heinrich had died at the hospital, I felt instinctively the regret that those who knew and loved him were far away from his side. His attendants, loyal to the end, were ready to do his bidding. Loved friends could have been summoned from all parts of the city. A telegram might possibly have reached his birthplace in time for the arrival of his sister. But he was saved from the inquiries, as well as the tears and distress, of friends and relatives. I cannot imagine — sad as seems that apparently lonely ending — that he could have borne the grief of others, his was such a sensitive spirit. To that gracious Presence that hovered over his bedside he may have whispered, "Comfort those who mourn with the assurance that death came to me gloriously." Methinks a gracious and loving Father opened those sightless eyes, as the freed spirit soared to Heaven, that he

might behold visions of which no mortal hath ever dreamed.

A few months ago, when the snow lay upon the hills of Peterboro, I paid my tribute of respect to the memory of Edward MacDowell. The sighing pines seemed to whisper above his grave: "He is not dead; he is risen. Here, all about him, dotting the undulating landscape, or shyly hidden among his loved trees, is the work of his disciples. Take heed that you make your life count, so that your monument may be, like his, in the hearts of a generation of people whose mission it shall be to perpetuate his ideals and to amplify the short span of his gifted days." So may it be with Wilhelm Heinrich.

Yesterday I picked up the volume of Hungarian songs Mr. Heinrich had so carefully taught me, also the Gipsy Songs by Dvořák, with a view to giving them away. "'List to Me, Rosebud' is a dainty song for my little Marie, and perhaps to another I will give the Brahms book. I cannot sing the songs again because they were the last ones we studied," I mused. But, said Memory,

there is a corner in the studio where lie the sacred concertos and sonatas once bowed and fingered with such care by Julius Eichberg — in those brave years when a blind young man and a shabby, shy girl met and passed on Tremont Street, never dreaming that one day they would confess how great things they once believed they could accomplish, if only they studied long enough. In this corner, too, are other concertos, yellow with age, which a not over-patient but revered master at the Berlin Hochschule carefully marked, hoping that one day in that far-away land, America, the shy, awkward girl might play them publicly, because the master believed in her. Why should I not also place the Dvořák and Brahms and Korbay songs in this sacred spot, instead of giving them away, merely because I shall never sing them again? They, like household Penates, shall bring joy and comfort and renew the heart. There; I will close the cover of the box. They are safe.

I hear a soft voice at the window. It is only my friend the dove, coming daily for crumbs from my breakfast-table. I will

open the window softly. Ah, he has a white ring around his throat! I had never noticed that before. I will name him Peace, for my soul sings aloud this morning and God, my God and your God, hath fulfilled His promise to the awakened earth.

DATA

1833. Christian Heinrich born July 23, in Jodetz, bei Hof, Baiern.
1844. Wilhelmina Hinze born January 19, in Blumberg, Province of Brandenburg, Prussia.
1850. Mother arrived in America.
1851. Father arrived in America.
1863. Married, March 22, in Rockford, Illinois.
1865. Wilhelm Heinrich born.
1871. Illness which caused sightlessness.
1875. Entered Jacksonville (Illinois) Institution for the Blind.
1883. Was graduated in June. Came to Boston.
1884. Studied piano with Junius Hill, using Braille for study of music.
1885-86. Lived in Roxbury. Sang in Phillips Church, South Boston.
1887. Sang in Dr. Judson's Church in New York, and at revival meetings of the church.
1890–95. Sang at Park Street Church, Boston.

1891. Summer in Europe with Miss Wiley and Miss Thomas. Studied with Stockhausen, in Frankfort-am-Main.

1892. Studio at 159 Tremont Street, Boston, in same building with Charles Adams. About this time studied with him and with Mrs. Beach.

1893. In Europe with Mr. Meader. Studied with Sbriglia.

1894. Singing Schubert's Cycles; studying special song programs.

1895–1910. Studio in Lawrence Building, 149A Tremont Street, Boston.

1896. Made third trip to Europe with his brother Oscar. Studied in London with Shakespeare.

1897. His brother Oscar entered Harvard, and lived with him. This summer he gave the last of his concerts at his home in the Middle West, where he had given them nearly every summer. His programs had included English Ballads, Handel's L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, two Schubert Cycles, and the Gounod and von Fielitz Cycles.

1898. Bought summer home in Norwell, Massachusetts.
1900. Norwell house fitted for winter home.
1902. First summer school at Norwell.
1903. Summer school in Dresden.
1904. In Berlin with two pupils. In fall, made first trip to Western Coast.
1905–06. Successful summer schools at Norwell.
1907. In Europe with Mr. Farrell. Studied songs with Debussy, D'Indy, and Reger. Summer school at Norwell. Mother died, October 28, at Rockford, Illinois. In winter, on Commonwealth Avenue.
1908. Bought Greenbush house. Had first serious illness. Successful summer school.
1909. Second Western Coast trip with twentieth-century music program.
1910. A lecturer and leader of Music Lovers' Pilgrimage in England, France, and Germany.
1911. Second Music Lovers' Pilgrimage. December 26, passed away.